Newport Mercury.

HOPE

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and forty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

MALBONE LODGE, No. 93, N. E. O. P., John P. Sanborn, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Richard Gardner, President; Thomas Fieldhouse, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings of each month.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., David Blues, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain George A. Wilcox; Everett I. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 7677, M. W. A., A. A. Page, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Packer Clerk. Meets 2nd and last Tuesday evenings of each month.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians, meets second and fourth Thursday in each month.

Local Matters.

Newporters in New York Fire.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Allen and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Greason had an unpleasant experience with fire in New York this week and had a very narrow escape from death. The building in which they were living was partially destroyed by fire and the occupants were awakened barely in time to make their escape.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen and their young child have been occupying a flat on West 38th street and Mr. and Mrs. Greason roomed with them. About 3.30 o'clock Wednesday morning Mr. Allen was awakened by a pounding on his door and a call of "Fire." He rose hastily to find the room filled with smoke. Dashing into the next room, where the child slept, he found that also filled with smoke and flames breaking through the walls. He removed the child from the house and wakened Mr. and Mrs. Greason. Mrs. Allen fainted in the doorway and was carried out by a fireman. Mrs. Greason leaped from a back window and was quite badly cut about the head, necessitating several stitches by a surgeon.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen lost a considerable amount of clothing in the fire, but congratulated themselves on escaping with their lives. Had the warning been a few minutes later they would have undoubtedly been suffocated in their beds.

Mr. Allen is the son of Mr. William Allen of this city and has been for some time employed in Shaeffer's market in New York. His wife and child joined him in New York but a few weeks since. Mr. Greason is also employed in a New York market and has been rooming with Mr. Allen.

At the annual meeting of Gen. G. K. Warren Post, G. A. R., held Thursday evening Mr. John Gilpin presented the post with a memorial souvenir tablet of the Fifth New York Volunteers, Duryea's Zouaves, bearing photographs of General G. K. Warren and other officers of the regiment. Mr. Gilpin was given a vote of thanks for his gift. Officers were elected for the year and will be installed on the evening of January 8 by Department Inspector William O. Milne.

Mrs. David T. Pinniger entertained the members of William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R., at her home on Broadway Tuesday evening. A number of gentlemen connected with the families of the members were also present. The entertainment consisted of a delightful musical program, after which refreshments were served.

Miss Nellie L. Fowler, a teacher at the Stockbridge Hall boarding school for girls, near Portland, Me., has returned to Newport, the school having closed, on account of the lack of fuel, until after the holiday season.

Driver Ward of the Eights Engine Company, who has been seriously ill, is on the road to recovery.

Mrs. John Nicholas Brown has been detained in New York the past week by the illness of her son.

A New Industry?

Small Attendance at the Public Meeting by the Board of Trade to Investigate the Proposition to Establish a Gun Factory.

The Board of Trade called a public meeting in the Mercury building Thursday evening to investigate the proposition of W. H. Whitney to locate here a factory for the manufacture of guns, rifles, etc., of which Mr. Whitney is the inventor and on which he holds patents. The attendance was small, due to some extent to the bad snow storm which prevailed, and the meeting accomplished absolutely nothing, it being decided to have an adjourned meeting some afternoon next week, probably on Wednesday. There were present at the meeting Mr. Whitney and his associate, A. N. Woodruff, to explain the propositions and display the guns.

President George E. Vernon of the Board of Trade occupied the chair and explained the reason for the meeting. He explained that as Mr. Whitney was not a talker his friend Mr. Woodruff would address the meeting.

Mr. Woodruff was a talker. He gave a long rambling talk on various subjects, comparing Newporters with "easy" purchasers of gold bricks, and so on, but finally got down to business and talked about the proposed company.

He said that the demand for firearms had increased five fold in the last ten years and that the export trade had doubled in three years, this because the American manufacturers have now reached a point where they can compete with the cheap labor of Europe. The factory, if located here, would employ Newport men as far as possible, and the class of its employees would not be the same as in a cotton mill for instance but its men will earn $3 to $4 a day and in some cases from $4 to $5 a day. This factory does not propose to sell out nor consolidate with any other. In five years it can be made the biggest gun factory in the world, being the only factory to manufacture all kinds of firearms in general use under one roof.

One great advantage of the Whitney gun is its safety appliance. The newspapers report on the average 500 accidents from firearms each week, of which 98 per cent could be avoided by the use of the Whitney guns. Other manufacturers have introduced no new features which would be of advantage to the Whitney gun, nor can they turn out their product as cheap.

The original company has no interest in any of the patents except that on the double barrelled shot gun, all others being the property of Mr. Whitney. The concern is ready now to go ahead with the manufacture of double and single barrelled shot guns, sporting rifles and revolvers, and Mr. Whitney is now working on devices for magazine shot guns and light artillery field pieces. It is the intention to go ahead with the manufacture of the guns already perfected and to develop the rest later.

Mr. Woodruff explained the many advantages of the Whitney guns, the features being the absence of springs in the magazine, and the fact that the rifles are self cleaning, water-tight, air-tight, and are the only rifles that can use dense nitro powder.

At the end of the first year the factory will employ 200 to 300 men, at the end of the second year 300 to 500, and at the end of the third 700 to 1,000.

In regard to the proposition offered to Newport Mr. Woodruff stated that they wanted Newporters to assist in making a start. He has the promise of considerable amounts from out of the city as soon as it is known what Newport proposes to do. They don't want land given them, nor to be forever exempt from taxation. As for selling out, the promoters are willing to place their stock in the hands of trustees so that it can't be sold until the company is on a paying basis.

Taking an output of 25 double barrelled and 40 single barrelled guns a day the company would make $150 absolutely net profit each day. There is a demand for these guns and there is no trouble about a market.

The promoters do not want to handle the money put up by Newporters—it can be done through Newport banks. Newport men can be chosen officers of the company as Mr. Whitney wishes only to go into the factory. The payment on stock subscriptions can be made by paying 10 per cent. down and 10 per cent. a month. The business will pay a dividend of 20 per cent. after the first year and probably more. The concern will need $150,000. They can get money outside but if Newport wants the factory here Newport must make the first start or the factory won't come.

Mr. Woodruff explained that the Whitney guns were formerly manufactured by a corporation organized under the laws of Maine. Mr. Whitney had but one partner though, a wealthy man who took no interest in the concern, and he explained the cause of its failure. This company has assets of about $100,000 consisting of machinery and tools, the finest in the country for the manufacture of firearms.

It would take about three weeks to bring the materials of the old company to Newport and it would take about three months to get ready to open the factory. The plan would be to make up sample guns and start out men on the road taking orders on four months delivery. If started soon the factory could turn out guns for the fall trade.

Mr. Woodruff then showed the mechanism of several guns, rifles and revolvers of the Whitney patent and the samples were passed around among those present. The firearms apparently possess considerable merit.

No action of any kind was taken but it was stated that another meeting would be called next week.

All Kinds of Weather.

It is not often that Newport is treated to such winter weather as has fallen to her lot this week. Zero temperature is unusual and when the thermometer marks a point five and six below as it has this week the people begin to think that they have moved into the wrong climate. Take a temperature of six below zero and couple this incident with a shortage of the coal supply and it makes a very pretty example of guessing on the part of the head of the household as to how he is to keep his family warm and his water pipes from freezing.

In fact the weather has been of a very varied assortment during the past week. Sunday came in with a snow storm which early turned to rain, making the walking very disagreeable. Monday was comfortably warm during the morning but after noon something seemed to bother the thermometers, for the mercury fell and it began to look as though it would never stop falling. All the afternoon and evening the fall in temperature continued and at the rising hour Tuesday morning people hastened to the thermometers to see how cold they ought to feel and were shocked with the indications that they found, varying from two to six degrees below zero. During the day the temperature hovered around the zero mark and at night stood about four degrees above. During the night it grew warmer and Wednesday was very comfortable save for the damp and high southwest wind that prevailed.

Thursday afternoon another snow storm began and during the night perhaps three inches of snow fel. The ground was in a good condition to receive the snow and as a consequence the sleighing was quite good on Friday and a number of sleighs were out. The temperature was not unseasonably low.

During the cold weather of Tuesday there was of course a sudden demand on the coal dealers for coal. Many dealers were unable to furnish any hard coal and others could not guarantee delivery of new orders as all their teams were engaged in filling orders previously received. As a consequence wagons and all manner of vehicles were pressed into service to convey the precious black diamond to store or residence, and many men were seen carrying sacks of coal over their shoulders. A well known dentist was gloating over his purchase of a supply of chestnut coal which he was carrying home in his arms, securely packed in a large paper bag.

As a consequence of the low fires in many houses and stores there was considerable freezing of water pipes and the plumbers have been kept busy for a few days making much needed repairs.

The trains into Newport ran late on Tuesday, owing to some extent to the cold weather, which, combined with poor coal, tended to prevent easy raising of steam on the locomotives. The rails also were more or less slippery.

Notwithstanding the inconveniences to which Newporters were subjected by the cold spell the city suffered not nearly as much as some of its neighbors where the temperature was lower and the coal supply was smaller. One Newporter, who chanced to be in Middleboro, Mass., on business Monday night, found a temperature of 20 below and took the first train for home, where he might be in less imminent danger of freezing to death.

John Coleman, a private in the Seventy-ninth company coast artillery, fell down stairs in the old light battery quarters at Fort Adams Wednesday, fracturing his skull. He died at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He was about 25 years old and unmarried. He had been in the service a little over two years and a half.

The remains of Mrs. Catherine E., widow of Captain Henry A. Brightman were brought to Newport from New Canaan, Ct., Monday afternoon and were interred in the family lot in the Island cemetery, Rev. J. T. Beckley, D. D., pastor of the Central Baptist church, reading the committal service.

Mrs. Michael Murray and daughter have returned from an extended visit to New York.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held Monday evening, all the members except one being present. The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following figures which are of interest:

The total enrollment for the month ending November 28, 1902, was 3,642, the average belonging 3,392, the average attending 3,147.2, the percentage of attendance 92.8, cases of tardiness, 633, cases of dismissal, 167. The total enrollment November 22, 1901, was 3,574. * * * * In the Townsend Industrial School 1,045 pupils are enrolled.

The total enrollment in the evening elementary school is 126, average belonging 71, average attending 49; the enrollment in the evening bookkeeping classes is 22, the average attendance 14; the enrollment in the evening drawing classes is 47; average attendance 37.

The total receipts to date are		$100,489.97
The expenditures for 11 months are:		
Salaries,	$75,030.18	
Repairs,	7,061.19	
Fuel,	1,259.06	
Cleaning,	662.45	
Furniture,	271.86	
Gas,	109.68	
Telephones,	285.15	
Books of reference,	503.60	
Text-books,	1,806.27	
Printing,	612.15	
Books for high school,	201.79	
Chemicals,	11.90	
Apparatus,	171.18	
Supplies,	2,388.09	
Incidentals,	614.15	
Total,		$91,117.28
Balance unexpended,		$9,372.69

The report of Truant Officer Topham contained the following: Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 124; number of cases of truancy (public, 7; parochial, 7), 14; number out for illness and other causes, 110; number of different children truants 14; number found not attending school, 12; number sent to public schools, 4; number sent to Catholic schools, 8. November 28 a girl seven years old, who could not be taught in the public schools, was placed by me, through the State Board of Education, at the Massachusetts School for the Feeble-minded at Waverly, Mass. I recommend that Timothy Fitzgerald and Edward Welch, who are habitual truants, be prosecuted according to law.

On recommendation of the committee on teachers a resolution was passed providing that a teacher who is unavoidably absent for a short time shall receive the full amount of her salary. A partial report was received from the committee on teachers in regard to the organization of the Coles Industrial School.

A long discussion of various possible sites for the new high school then took place and several new sites were offered. The Congdon estate on Broadway opposite Equality park was offered at $15,000, the Howard Smith estate on Mount Vernon street at $18,000, and the Hull and Shea lots on Mann avenue at $21,000. It was announced that the Bull and Darrah estates on Bull street were not offered. It was finally decided to take an informal vote of the board to indicate preference and the vote stood two for the Horgan-Pitman estates, two for the Bull-Darrah estates, and one each for the Bull-Barker sites and for a site on Broadway.

It was voted to increase the salary of the truant officer from $900 to $1000 and Theophilus Topham was re-elected to that position. Francis Stanhope was elected to take the school census. It was voted to appropriate $300 additional for the use of the committee on buildings.

The annual report of Dr. Barker, chairman, was adopted as the annual report of the school committee to the city council.

Captain J. J. Hunker, recently in command of the Naval Training Station, has been ordered to command the New York. Rear Admiral Casey has made the New York his flagship on the Pacific coast.

Work was begun this week on the survey for the tracks of the Newport & Bristol Ferry Street Railway Company. The engineers have been badly handicapped by the cold weather.

William H. Tillinghast of New York died this week in his 77th year. He was a regular visitor to Newport, having occupied one of the Pinard cottages for a number of years.

Miss Mary Lutz of this city was married to Mr. Charles Fairman of Toronto, Mich., at Kay chapel on Saturday evening last, Rev. Henry Morgan Stone officiating.

News was received the past week of the death of Mr. Clarence Andrews in Paris in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was a son of the late Loring Andrews, a former cottage owner, who built "Friedheim" on Bellevue Avenue.

Mrs. G. Fay Downing entertained the members of the Christian Endeavor Society of the First Presbyterian church at her home on School street Tuesday evening with a cobweb party. A very pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Barlow and Miss Jeanie Davis have returned from a visit to New York and Washington.

Miss Mary Clarke, teacher in the Willow street school, is confined to her home, suffering from diphtheria.

Recent Deaths.

Robert S. Barker.

By the death of Mr. Robert S. Barker this city loses one of its leading citizens, a representative of the business interests of former times as well as one of the financial men of the present day. Mr. Barker passed away at his home on Spring street Sunday noon after an immediate illness of but about three weeks. He was well along in years, being in his eighty-second year, and those who had occasion to meet him frequently could not but notice that his health was failing. Up to about three weeks ago, however, he was able to call at the Union National Bank and attend to his duties as president of that institution.

Mr. Barker had long been prominent in business circles of Newport, having been the owner of a grocery store here for about 35 years, succeeding his father in the conduct of the business. In 1887 he retired. He continued to take an interest in affairs, however, and, having been elected president of the Union National Bank soon after his retirement from business, he devoted much of his time to the duties of that position. He served as a director of this bank for more than 33 years.

He was the oldest member of the trustees of Long wharf and was president of the board. He was also president of the Lawrence Club, a position that he had held since its organization.

He leaves three sisters, Miss Charlotte Barker, Miss Elizabeth Barker, and Mrs. Erastus P. Allan.

Funeral services were held from his late residence on Wednesday, Rev. T. Calvin McClelland officiating. The bearers were Messrs. Thomas Crosby, B. B. H. Sherman, William K. Covell and Edward W. Higbee.

Mrs. Margarette Malcom.

Mrs. Margarette Malcom, widow of Dr. Charles Howard Malcom, died at Dr. Bull's hospital in New York on Wednesday. Mrs. Malcom recently underwent a surgical operation, which was thought to have been successful, but after the operation was over other complications rapidly developed, which made it impossible for her to recover.

Mrs. Malcom had a large circle of friends in Newport and her death has called forth much sympathy. She was kindly and charitably disposed and many found in her a good and true friend. Retiring in her nature, her deeds of kindness were not made known publicly, but in her quiet, unassuming way she administered to the wants of many people.

Mrs. Malcom owned and occupied a cottage on Kay street for many years.

Her late husband was for 20 years pastor of the Second Baptist church in this city and served for some time as general secretary of the American Peace Society.

She was a daughter of William McKay, Esq., of Garden Vale Moss-Side, Ireland.

Mrs. Mary A. Williams.

Mrs. Mary A., widow of Captain George C. Williams, died at her residence on Poplar street Thursday evening in the seventy-second year of her age. Mrs. Williams was stricken on Tuesday with apoplexy and never regained consciousness, dying at 9.30 p. m. Thursday. She was a very estimable woman and had a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Williams was a daughter of the late Abby Pengellay.

Two children survive: Mrs. Charles F. Williams and Miss Annie P. Williams; also one brother and two sisters: Mr. Robert W. Pengellay of San Francisco and Mrs. John H. Pedro, of New Bedford, Mass., and Mrs. Helmes Jouvet of this city.

Heber R. Bishop.

Heber R. Bishop died at his home in New York on Wednesday in his sixty-third year. He was well known in Newport, having been a summer resident. Although he retired from business some years ago, he was interested in railroad, gas and iron companies; also in several art museums and hospitals. He lately contributed a collection of jades, valued at $750,000, to the art museum.

Mrs. William J. Ehrhardt.

Mrs. Catherine Ehrhardt, wife of Mr. William J. Ehrhardt, died at the Newport Hospital Wednesday afternoon of typhoid fever. She was ill about two weeks. Mrs. Ehrhardt was a professional nurse and has rendered valuable service to physicians in this city.

Besides her husband a son and a daughter survive her.

The engagement is announced of Mr. George N. Durfee, Jr., of Fall River to Miss Charlotte S., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Peckham of this city.

Mrs. R. E. Darrah, who has been seriously ill for some weeks, is on the road to recovery.

Mr. John T. Delano, Jr., has returned from a visit to New York.

Yacht Racing Dates.

December is an unusual month to announce a yacht racing programme for next summer, but the New York Yacht club has taken time by the forelock and prepared its summer schedule thus far in advance. Peculiar interest attaches to the ninety-footer class, for in these races the new cup defender will be tried against the Columbia and Constitution. The programme for the season is as follows:

Ninety-footers—Off Glen Cove on the sound, Thursday, May 21, Saturday, May 23, and Monday, May 25.

Ninety-footers—Off Newport, Thursday, June 4, Friday, June 5, and Saturday, June 6.

Annual regatta—Over the Sandy Hook and Scotland lightship courses, Thursday, June 11.

Glen Cove cups—Monday, June 15.

Newport series (all classes)—Thursday, June 18, Saturday, June 20, and Monday, June 22.

Annual cruise—Thursday, July 16, rendezvous at Glen Cove; Friday, July 17, to Morris Cove; Saturday, July 18, to New London; Sunday, July 19, squadron remains at New London; Monday, July 20, to Newport; Tuesday, July 21, races for the Astor cup, off Newport; Wednesday, July 22, to Vineyard Haven; Thursday, July 23, return to Newport; Friday, July 24, races for the Owl and Gamecock colors at Newport, and disband.

Trial races to select America's cup defender—Off Newport, Tuesday, July 28, Thursday, July 30, and Saturday, August 1.

America's cup races—Off Sandy Hook lightship—Thursday, August 20, Saturday, August 22, Tuesday, August 25, Thursday, August 27, and Saturday, August 29.

Autumn cups—Off Glen Cove, Thursday, September 17.

A Pleasant Response.

The members of Faith and Good Works Circle of the King's Daughters a short time ago paid a visit to one of their members on the occasion of her wedding anniversary. They presented her with a handsome candelabra. The lady made her response in the following appreciative lines:

In every town, in every State, wherever women are found,
Whether composed of young or old, Circles of King's Daughters abound.
They help the needy, nurse the sick, buy coal and dress the poor,
In fact do any labor of love and never send one from their door.
But though these circles are legion to my mind among them all
None is so good as "Faith & Good Works" a'tho' our number be small.
We have no wealthy patron to whom we look for aid
But when we need the money we sell the goods we've made—
Or perhaps we have a "rummage" to which we send "any old thing"
From a winter coat or a house and lot to a parlor grand or a ring.
But enough of this my sisters is it not for me to dwell
On the good works of our circle—that's for others to tell.
Now of myself I wish to speak for just a little minute
But hardly know just what to say or even just where to begin it.
To married folks my friends each anniversary day
Is like a well marked mill stone upon a rugged way,
And when it happens one is reached and we pause—just to survey
The future, present and the past—and then pass on our way;
When our friends around us gather for a pleasant jolly night
A thoughtful act of kindness makes the future all look bright.
And dear friends I now must thank you for the light to guide my way
For I know that when I use it, it will make night bright as day.
Oh! I thank you from my heart, friends, for the gift and for the thought,
When I look upon my candles—I can't thank you as I ought.
God bless you all and may your future brighter be day by day,
And may we all at last in Heaven spend our anniversary day.

The concert given last Thursday evening by the Jeter-Lodter Company was artistically a grand success. Messrs. Jeter and Lodter, two men of promise, are endeavoring to prepare themselves for usefulness in the musical world. The other artists were highly congratulated for their excellent work. Olive, aged four, and Paul, not quite 3 years, the youngest members of the Jeter family, furnished amusement in their rendition of several selections and military drill.

Rev. Wm. Credit, D. D., of Philadelphia, who will deliver an oration in the Shiloh Baptist Church, Dec. 18th, to the Canonchet Lodge, No. 2439, G. U. O. of O. F., and the Household of Ruth, on "Universal Brotherhood through Odd-Fellowship as an Agency," is considered one of the ablest pulpit orators among the negro race. It will be a treat to hear him. Admission, 25 cts. Proceeds for the benefit of the above-named church.

Work has begun on the new ice houses for Green End pond to replace those destroyed by fire in November. The contract has been awarded to Curry and calls for buildings of the same capacity as those destroyed. The houses will be equipped with modern machinery and up to date facilities for handling the ice crops.

Mr. William J. Nolan died suddenly in New York on Wednesday. His remains were brought to Newport and funeral services held Thursday. Mr. Nolan was watchman at Freebody Park last season.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Rogers Morgan are occupying their cottage, which was recently damaged by a fire.

Mrs. A. P. Record was called to Vermont the past week, owing to a death in her family.

Big Farm of Napoleon Of Agriculture

[Special Correspondence.]

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Nov. 3.—About a hundred miles above this city, in Atchison county, the far northwestern corner of the state, there is one of the largest corn and stock farms in the world.

This is the farm of David Rankin. It embraces about 23,000 acres, all of which are tilled under his personal supervision. About three-fifths of this area is devoted to corn, the balance being mainly in pastures and meadows for grazing stock and raising hay. Crops are rotated, so that the land is kept in a high state of cultivation. In his cornfields Mr. Rankin raises about 400,000 bushels a year, but that is only about half as much as he needs to feed his cattle.

He buys all the corn his neighbors will sell him and then goes to the market for it. One year he purchased 438,000 bushels of corn. He is the largest cattle shipper who feeds his own stock, and it takes a lot of corn to live up to that distinction. At times from 3,000 to 8,000 bushels of corn are fed a day.

It takes 25,000 bushels of corn for seed. On one acre he raises as much as 140 bushels of as fine corn as is raised anywhere in the United States. "Thou shalt not sell corn" is the commandment which is always remembered on the Rankin farm, and, though he has raised millions of bushels and bought almost as much more, Mr. Rankin has never sold an ear of corn. He recognizes the double profit of feeding it on his own premises, and that is one of the reasons why he is now a millionaire and the Napoleon of Missouri farmers.

The Rankin farm is separated into fourteen divisions, or ranches, of from 610 to 4,000 acres, over each of which is a foreman. These are like the heads of departments in a great mercantile or manufacturing establishment. They have charge of the employees on the respective ranches. They are educated and capable men, and they receive from $50 a month to $1,000 a year. One of them was formerly a bank clerk. Under their direction are 200 employees, who are paid from $25 to $30 a month and "found."

On the fourteen ranches are about thirty-five houses. On each there is a good house for the foreman and his family and a large house where the employees are boarded by the wife of one of them, who is paid $2.50 a week for each man by Mr. Rankin.

The "home ranch" is located on three sides of Tarkio, a thrifty village

DAVID RANKIN.

of 2,000 people, with wide streets, elegant residences and fine churches and schools. Here is located Tarkio college, whose existence is mainly due to the benevolence of Mr. Rankin.

It was while standing upon an elevation overlooking the Tarkio river, now the site of Tarkio college, that thirty years ago Mr. Rankin picked out a large portion of the land that now comprises his immense farm. He bought all the land he could then get for $8 an acre. He has acquired much more since then, but he had to pay a higher price.

It requires 700 teams to do the work on this twenty-three thousand acre farm. Mr. Rankin has a liking for the Missouri mule, and most of his work teams are mules, though he has some fine horses. About $3,000 a year is spent for chain harness. There is not an all leather harness on the Rankin farm.

The farm is supplied with water from artesian wells and ordinary wells with windmills. Every year Mr. Rankin feeds from 8,000 to 10,000 head of cattle on the farm and twice or three times as many hogs. Many of the cattle are bought and fed and sold again, but all the hogs are raised on the farm. The sales of hogs amount to $80,000 a year.

Mr. Rankin is about sixty years of age and, while he requires his men to work ten hours a day, usually works sixteen hours a day himself. He started his career with a fifty-two dollar colt which his father had given him. He first swapped the colt for calves and then traded them for a pair of steers, with which he tilled an eighty acre farm which he bought on credit. From this modest beginning he has become the Napoleon of agriculture and the largest individual farmer in the world.

HENRY W. MILLER.

Brown's Sympathy.

Jones, "Charley fell from a street car last night."

Brown, "Oh, I'm awfully sorry."

Jones, "But he wasn't hurt at all."

Brown, "I wasn't thinking about Charley. I was thinking about the sufferings of those who would be told about that fall for months to come."—Boston Transcript.

THE YACHT THAT WAS NEVER HEARD FROM

(Original.)

"Tell us about the Hilda, Brownlow."

"It isn't safe to spin that yarn. Some of you fellows might get me into trouble."

A promise of secrecy was made, and the yarn was spun:

"The Hilda had the newest thing in engines, and as soon as she had been tested her owner, Mr. Chippindale, started in her for a trip around the world, with me as engineer. He was the only one aboard except the officers and crew.

"A great many people think the days of pirates are past and gone. Don't you believe it. Ships go out and are never heard from—gone down in a storm; more likely their crews are murdered and the ship is plundered and scuttled. Well, we were steaming westward somewhere between Hongkong and Manila when we met a sailer wearing British colors coming through the water, turning the white before her, heading right for us and signaling us to slow down. Thinking she had something important to communicate, we stopped the engines, and a boatload of men came aboard. As soon as they were on our deck the ship they came from hauled down the British flag and raised the skull and crossbones.

"I'm not going over the doing away with every man of us. That's what keeps me from sleeping"—

"Weren't you one of the yacht's crew?"

"Sure. But I was the engineer, and not one of the pirates could run an engine. Gooledge, their captain, said to me: 'Run them engines, and so long as you run them right you live. When you run them wrong'—

"I knew what he meant without his finishing, and you bet I ran the engines right. This was the time when the Spanish war was coming on, and we'd learned all about it from speaking an American cruiser, especially that Dewey was soon to sail from Hongkong. Besides, all the nations were sending men-of-war to the Philippines to see fair play. Gooledge had been dodging vessels that were calculated to give him this information and did not know anything at all about it. He came to me and asked me what kind of craft we'd been meeting, and I concocted a story. I told him that a couple of hundred miles east of Manila we'd passed a small steamer, capable of making eight knots and no more, that carried express' matter. Gooledge suspected that a money safe belonging to the express companies might be aboard and was itching to get at it. We would have to go back between Hongkong and Manila to reach the steamer and were likely to fall in with a cruiser.

"Sure enough, one morning we saw a black line on the horizon to the northward, then another and another. It was Dewey's fleet, but we didn't know it. Gooledge ran down to me and said, 'You drive her for all she's worth.' He stayed by me till the steam gauge was showing all she'd stand, and more, too, and then he went on deck again.

"As luck would have it, we were steaming across the line of a scoutship. I looked out and saw the smoke north, by northeast and made up my mind that the stranger would pass astern of us. I kept an eye out the porthole, and when she came within sight I saw a signal flying for us to heave to. Gooledge didn't dare risk an inspection and paid no attention to it. The cruiser came on, but was only two knots better than us and gained slowly. I didn't know that she was ordered to overhaul everything she met, and I was afraid she'd get tired of the chase, so I contrived to loosen a screw and let go a rod, then called Gooledge and told him I'd have to stop the engine a few minutes and fix it or the thing would break us up. If I hadn't been necessary to him, he would have killed me right there, but instead he told me he'd give me just five minutes to fix it after stopping and held his watch in one hand and a pistol in the other. I kept asking him the time, blundering as well as I could without his seeing me do it, until he called four minutes. Then I screwed her up and started on. I hadn't more than done so when a shot went skipping before our bows, and I made up my mind we'd be overhauled. I heard Gooledge come below and go into Mr. Chippindale's stateroom, which he'd appropriated to his own use, and in a few minutes there was the report of a pistol. I went to the room, looked in and saw the pirate giving his last gasp.

"I hurried on deck, and there in the distance was a fleet of war vessels, and the cruiser that had been following us had turned to join them. Seizing Gooledge's glass lying on one of the quarter deck wicker chairs, I leveled it and saw the flagship of the fleet signaling the cruiser to come in.

"When it was known that the captain had blown out his brains, two of the crew came to me and said they had been taken when Gooledge was short handed and had joined to escape walking the plank. They said they would have hard work to get clear if taken. The others were tired of the business. They proposed that if I would run the yacht ashore and destroy her I might go free. As there was nothing else to do and I was in the same boat with the others, I consented. A few days after Dewey captured Manila we landed on the island, burned the yacht and, making our way to Manila, enlisted in the American army."

"I see," said one of the listeners, "why the affair never got into the newspapers."

"Just so," remarked the narrator. "And mind you keep dark about it."

THOMAS EASTMAN WREN.

Her Opportunity.

"They say she isn't happy," commented the neighbor, "but I don't see why."

"Oh, some people never are satisfied."

"That's right, and it's her own fault, if she isn't happy, because she's able to buy clothes that will make all the other women envious."—Chicago Post.

LOST LODE'S HERO

(Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company.)

Tommy Dineen had been bad—so bad that he had to "stay in." But, then, he lived in the Lost Lode, the tough district of the big Montana mining town, so he was expected to be bad. Robbie Jones had called him a "low down Lost Loder" when Marjorie Forbes was listening, and Tommy had promptly retaliated, causing a howling commotion in the second grade.

Hence the present uneasy hour of solitude while he waited for teacher to bring the principal to chastise him for his sins after teachers' meeting upstairs. Tommy pressed his hot little head against the cold window pane and listened lonesomely to the loud ticking of the clock. His stepmother would beat him when he got home late, he knew. The twilight of the short mountain day was closing in.

Tommy's heavy little heart rose in his throat as he aimlessly gathered snow from the window sill into little balls. Suddenly he caught his breath in a half choked sob, hearing voices outside. Forgetting his tears, he peered cautiously over the window ledge. Two dark forms lurked in the shadow of the wide front steps.

"Let's git outer th' wind fer a minute," growled one. "Sure he ain't come yit?"

"Dead certing," nodded the other, whose evil eyes, besotted and bleared by drink, eagerly watched the hill road which ran down from the Perritt mine on the hill to the smelter below.

"He's got the dusty with him, ain't he, Dan?"

"Shet up yer fool questions, Bill!" rumbled Dan, with an oath. "Ef ye're gettin' cold feet, ye can vamoose. I'm goin' ter stay right up thar by thet shack till I get a whack at Bob Perritt an' thet lot o' swag he's got with 'im. I'll git even with 'im fer kickin' me down them infil stairs of I her ter kill 'im!"

"But I don't keer ter kill 'im outright of a good clubbin' 'll do th' bis proper," deprecated his companion.

"Well, of ye're goin' ter be so chicken livered about it ye can hit on'y onet, an' I'll do th' rest. Let's git out o' this an' hide behin' th' shack ready fer 'im. We'll see who does th' kickin' now!"

And they moved up on the hill. Tommy's tear begrimed face was pale under its tan. He recognized the two villains as Lost Loders who had been discharged from the Perritt reduction works the previous week for stealing ore. What could he do? Perritt was teacher's beau. He must not be killed, for teacher would be miserable. He must be warned.

Tommy looked at the clock; almost 6. Could he go round the freightyards where the robbers could not see him? There was not time. He must go straight up the road past their hiding place to meet Perritt. His heart jumped right up in his throat at the fearful thought. But it was for teacher.

He flew down the steps and up the road toward the shack where the footpads waited for their victim. His tousled, bare head and wild, straining eyes flashed through the shadows, a very ghost of fear.

The noise of the panting approach drew Black Dan from his lair, to the boy's frightened imagination looking like a huge spider who hears the buzzing of a fly. At the same moment a tall, striding figure swung over the brow of the hill. He was too late!

"Run, Mr. Perritt; run!" screamed the child in frantic terror, dodging a blow from Black Dan's upraised fist. He caught the gleam of a six shooter in the other hand of the big brute and screamed again: "Run! They're goin' to kill ye! Ye'—" But the great fist fell with a crash across his temples.

A cloud of black smoke seemed to fall upon him and smother him, and the world went out like a snuffed candle.

When it came back to him again, he felt strangely light and giddy. There were white clouds and sunsets all about him. He seemed to be floating on a cloud, and when a blue eyed angel bent soothingly over him he was not at all surprised.

"Did I get killed?" he whispered, awestruck. "An' I'm reelly in heaven?"

The angel laughed and nodded smilingly to another floating being—a man angel, Tommy supposed. He came and put his arm around the blue eyed angel, and together they hung over the edge of Tommy's billowy cloud.

"No, dearie; you are right here with us, where you are going to stay for the rest of your life. You are a real hero, like the ones I read to you about in the history book. And we are proud of you." And then Tommy saw that the angel was teacher and he was in her room, which was banked with flowers, for he had come to be known as a hero, and the whole town had done him honor. "You have been very ill, dear, from the blow on the head that ugly Black Dan gave you; concussion of the brain, the doctor said. But you will soon be well now and able to come with us to our new home when we are married." Then she met Rob's adoring glance and blushed.

"And did you"— Tommy was too weak to finish, but the man nodded. "Get shot? Yes, but not badly, for Bill got scared, and I got the drop on them as Dan turned to strike you. He is in the penitentiary now, where he won't bother us for some time to come. The other one turned state's evidence."

"The money for the men?"

"It is all right," put in the teacher, with shining eyes. "And so is our hero. I owe something very precious to you, dear."

Life held but two blissful facts to Tommy—the comforting knowledge that he was a hero and he would never be separated from dear teacher.

LILIAN C. PASCHAL.

A Little for Himself.

Bookkeeper. I would like a little more salary, sir. You see, I'm married now, and——

Employer. And need the increase for your family?

Bookkeeper. No, sir; for myself. You see, my wife knows just what I'm getting now!—Puck.

THINGS LITERARY.

A Magazine of a Hundred Years Ago. A Jewel of Babylon.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, Nov. 4.—Up in the studio district live three young men who hope to be respectively the Kipling, the Howells and the Anthony Hope of the next decade. Meanwhile they accommodate themselves in two large rooms, sparsely furnished and quite near the roof. From this high citadel they bombard the adjacent magazine sanctums with short fiction and verse.

They have been at this business for about a year, and, while an occasional check reaches them, the most interesting result of their efforts is the odd papering of their workroom. The material for these hangings is unique. It has been contributed by the various editors whom they have bombarded and is in the form of rejection slips. A rejection slip, you know, is the printed form, more or less ingeniously worded,

THE DISTURBED THEOPHILUS.

by which the editor declines manuscripts which he is compelled by force of circumstances, if you believe the slips, to return.

This odd fancy of the three literary aspirants has just been recalled to my mind by a curious volume which I picked up the other day at a second hand bookstall. It is a bound volume of "The Union Magazine and Imperial Register" for 1802. It was published in London by T. Hurst and was printed by J. Cundee, Ivy lane.

The magazine editor of a century ago had not reached the rejection slip stage. In fact, he seems to have cared very little for the feelings of his contributors. On the fly leaf of each month's magazine he printed his private communications to them. Here are two samples of his unfeeling frankness:

"A.'s Ode to Peace is too defective for insertion in our Miscellany."

"If Theophilus will call on the Publisher, he will receive back his miserable essay."

Just imagine, if you please, the expectant Theophilus eagerly grasping the newly issued magazine! Picture him a moment later, when he has turned to the page headed "To Correspondents" and has read his fate!

Poor Theophilus! You must trudge your dejected way down to Ivy lane and encounter scornful T. Hurst face to face if you wish to regain your manuscript.

But perhaps you may meet there the discouraged A. of the defective ode. Then you can go together to the Cheshire and over your tobies of ale exchange frank opinions of the brutal T. Hurst and bemoan the low estate to which periodical publishing has fallen.

When Nabopolassar was king in Babylon and Nebuchadnezzar was only a crown prince, there was much splendid wickedness in that part of the earth; also there occurred strenuous doings. There was bloodletting by day and feasting by night, and the sun of Nineveh was setting. All this we know from a very good and very ancient book. But there was much more to it all. There must have been love and hate and smiles and tears, tender friendships and fierce jealousies behind the heavy curtain of historical facts at which we have so long gazed and been perforce content.

To lift this familiar curtain, to show us the real human beings who moved behind it, who loved and smiled and hated and did the fighting, has been left for a Denver newspaper man to do. He has done it in quite a thick novel newly come from the press. Josiah M. Ward is the author, and he has entitled his book "Come With Me Into Babylon." It sounds pleasant, this invitation. The visit is well worth the taking, too, for Mr. Ward not only gives us a richly tinted picture of life in those wicked days of 605 B. C., but as we walk through the inner places of Nineveh and Babylon he tells us a story of such thrilling interest that one is sorry when it is ended and the gates are closed.

Mr. Ward says that his book is not a historical novel. He is probably right. It is most likely that the sweet Frisca never existed, that she never loved the noble Talami and that the impetuous Cleon never stole the sacred amulet from the golden breast of the great god Bel. However, it is very nice of Mr. Ward to take us with him into Babylon and make us believe, for the time at least, that these things really did come to pass. SEWELL FORD.

The Youth of Today.

Visitor. That young fellow seems rather pert; acted as if he knew more than you.

Merchant. Naturally.

Visitor. Why naturally?

Merchant. He is my son.—Philadelphia Press.

Kleptomania may not be a contagious disease, but it is taking.

Mines on Mountain Tops.

Nothing in engineering is more romantic or curious than the fashion in which the ordinary conception of a mine as an opening penetrating far below the ordinary level is reversed where inducements offer to climb high above the earth's surface before piercing into it.

There is, for instance, the Eureka gold mine, probably the highest in the world, situated 11,000 feet up in the Andes range, not far from the city of Jujuy, in Argentina. So high is this mine that it is only worked with great difficulty owing to the "mountain sickness" and to similar troubles to which workers at this immense altitude, almost three miles in the air, are subject.

Near Chocaya, in Bolivia, there is the Veta del Cuadro mine, where silver ore is extracted 13,000 feet above sea level, while the same metal is wrought near Poopo, in the Cordilleras, 12,400 feet above tide water. The produce from all these is carried on mule back over tremendous mountain paths to points where it can be placed on rail or be concentrated into more portable form for further transit by wagon to the seaboard.—Stray Stories.

Cool Garden Spots.

A glacier when it dislodges itself and sails away over the Arctic ocean never travels alone. In the wake of every large one floats a line of smaller companions.

The Eskimos call this phenomenon "the duck and ducklings," and any one who has watched the progress of the elder duck followed by her brood will appreciate the aptitude of the name.

Strange as it may seem, plants grow and blossom upon these great ice mountains. When a glacier is at rest, moss attaches itself to it, protecting the ice beneath, just as sawdust does. After a time the moss decays and forms a soil, in which the seeds of buttercups and dandelions, brought by the wind, take root and flourish.

Those who have traveled in arctic lands say they have found no point yet where the poppy does not bloom during the brief northern summer.

The Skin.

Bathing to many persons is a term embodying an expenditure of time and considerable trouble. It is probably because they do not cleanse the skin until it gives visible signs of its needs. Now, the skin is everlastingly throwing off impurities which you cannot always see with the naked eye, but which will be readily found in the appearance of the bath water even when one bathes each day. When you can wear a white collar a few hours without marring its spotlessness where it comes in contact with the skin, you may have some excuse for thinking that you are perfectly clean and not before. The neatest person I ever saw could not boast of such an achievement, for the thing is well nigh impossible. Nature has provided the pores for drainage purposes, and in health they work without ceasing.—Boston Traveler.

The Singing Mouse.

The power of song among the brute creation has so long been associated in our minds with the feathered tribe alone that we do not think of it as belonging to any four footed animals. Yet there is a mouse that sings—why, nobody knows. It is a small animal, with very large ears, which are moved about much while singing, as if that were necessary to the success of the vocal performance. The song is not, as you think, a prolonged squeak with variations, but a succession of clear, warbling notes, with trills, not unlike the song of a canary, and quite as beautiful, though some of the notes are much lower. One great peculiarity is a sort of double song, an air with accompaniment quite subdued. Upon first hearing this one believes that he is listening to more than one mouse, so perfect is the illusion.

The Louis Styles.

It was the French King Louis XI. who invented gold lace, and it was Louis XIV. who ordered all the silk upholsteries of the palace done in white with figures of gold and blue and a touch of red. The louisine silks are named after him, and all the French kings of the name of Louis have had their names brought down to posterity through the invention of some article of dress, whether it be a Louis Quinze heel or a Louis Seize coat, while to Louis Quatorze belongs the honor of a cuff and a hat.

A Genius.

Small Son—I know what I'll be when I grow up—I'm going to be a great inventor.

Papa—That's encouraging, certainly. What makes you think you have inventive genius?

Small Son—Why, I wanted to take a screw out and I couldn't find a screwdriver, so I unscrewed it with your razor.—Short Stories.

A Wonder.

An advertisement was inserted for some one to take charge of the choir and play the organ at a village church. The following was among the replies: "Sir—I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

Much in a Name.

Being informed that he was to be taken before a judge whose name was Justice, a Georgia negro exclaimed: "De goodness en gracious! Ef he gimme what his name call fer, I sho' is gone!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

"And now," said the guide, having saved the best for the last, "I will show you the ruins of the Parthenon."

The sallow-faced man of the party—the man with the goatee—demurred. "Durn the ruins!" he exclaimed. "Show us somethin' fresh. Where's the midway?"—Chicago Tribune.

No kissing ever occurs in Japan except between husband and wife, not even between a mother and child.

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3	Quart Pudding Pans	25c.
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December 30, 1862

A Fortieth Anniversary War Story

[Copyright, 1902, by G. L. Kilmer.]

FORREST, the king of raiders, the prince of fighters, could be beaten. This shows that he was only mortal and adds glory to his innumerable brilliant exploits. He was squarely beaten at Parker's Crossroads, Tenn., the 30th of December, 1862.

During the last two weeks of December Forrest had raided the line of the Mississippi Central railroad in the rear of Grant's army operating against Vicksburg and contributed to the defeat of the Federal campaign. There were swarms of Federals in west Tennessee at the time, but so swift had Forrest moved from point to point that his enemy failed to bring him to battle until he was about to return whence he came, east of Tennessee river.

Forrest's column was mounted, but its speed was regulated by a long train of wagons laden with the spoils of the raid. In order to reach the river crossing near Lexington the raiders must pass Parker's Crossroads, which happened to be only five miles from the camp of Colonel Cyrus L. Dunham, a Federal officer who had been sent into the region with an advance guard of 1,500 men to watch Forrest and bring him to bay.

Dunham's men had marched and countermarched in search of Forrest since the beginning of the raid and were travel worn, but under the hope of at last trapping the foxy raider they had made their last stretch of twelve miles in three hours. During the night Dunham's scouts brought word that Forrest was making for the crossroads and was but a few miles away. He telegraphed word to his superior that he would "coax or force a fight out of Forrest in the morning" and hurried his pickets out on the road in Forrest's pathway.

Early in the morning Forrest's advance rode up in detached parties and was met on every hand by Dunham's wary vedettes. Dunham pushed the skirmish fight with great vigor. The raiders at the front drew back to await the main body. The encounter was a complete surprise to the troopers, for during two weeks the enemy had failed to force or coax a fight, and Forrest's men believed they didn't want to.

While his pickets were skirmishing Dunham formed his line on a ridge covering the crossroads and the approaches from Forrest's position. There was no way out of the trap for Forrest except to smash Dunham. This the raider tried to do with artillery, his soldiers and the train meanwhile attempting to pass around the Federals by the flank. Dunham ordered his own battery to return the fire and also to shell the escaping column, but the Federals were short of artillery ammunition and could only keep two pieces in action.

The Confederate artillery fire was severe upon Dunham's line—just what Forrest wanted—but instead of retreating from the ridge Dunham ordered a charge upon the hostile guns. At that moment Colonel Napier's Confederate battalion charged Dunham's front, and Forrest led three regiments around the hill to attack the Federal rear. Dunham's men were facing Napier's, but his two guns were doing some execution in that direction, and he faced his line about, rushing at Forrest's cavalry with bayonets. The Confederate troopers backed off from the cold steel, and Napier's men, seeing the confusion in the force led by their chief, thought the day was lost and also retreated, leaving their artillery between the lines. Dunham's sharpshooters had cut down the horses of the caissons and cannon, and the raiders could not save them.

But the battle was not over; Dunham's danger had increased in spite of the repulse of Forrest on the crown of the ridge. The flank march of the cavalry had cut Dunham off from his base and the supports he looked for to come in response to his message that he would fight Forrest at Parker's Crossroads. The nearest supports left their camp many hours' march away, at the time the fight began, and consisted of two regiments, the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-ninth Ohio, led by Colonel J. W. Fuller.

When Fuller got within sound of the guns, he was overtaken by a message from his chief ordering a halt. At the same time an aid rode back from the direction of Dunham's battlefield with the news that Forrest held the road, cutting off the reenforcements from Dunham, who was fighting against odds. Fuller marched on to the help of Dunham. Meanwhile the situation had become critical for Dunham, while even Forrest's fortunes rested on the turn of a hand. Dunham held the ridge, but having no ammunition for his guns could not control the road nor keep Forrest at a distance. In fact he was as good as surrounded. Forrest rallied his discomfited troopers and attempted his favorite game of bluffing the enemy. One of his aids sought out Colonel Dunham and said, "General Forrest understands that you have surrendered."

"The general is mistaken," responded the dauntless Hoosier colonel. "We have never thought of surrendering."

The aid rode away to report to Forrest, then came back with a new bluff. Said he, "General Forrest demands an unconditional surrender."

Colonel Dunham replied: "Give my compliments to the general and tell him that I never surrender. If he thinks he can take me, let him try it on."

At that moment Forrest had Dunham hemmed in on three sides with a superior force, but Colonel Fuller, with two regiments, was on the outside of Forrest.

The new force coming up on the Huntington road was sighted by Forrest's scouts and the fact reported to the chief, who rode forward expecting to meet a battalion of his own troopers which had been left back upon that road. He was met by a stinging fire delivered on the rear of his position and, believing that it was a mistake, dashed forward into Fuller's lines. Fuller's attack was a complete surprise and stampeded the horses of the dismounted raiders in rear of the fighting line. The artillery horses were also cut down. The first volley of the Twenty-seventh Ohio unhorsed several troopers of Forrest's bodyguard, and his adjutant general was captured. Forrest literally ran away from his comrades. Being discovered and halted by a Federal officer, he answered the demand to surrender by coolly saying, "I have done so some time ago and am collecting my command to surrender in due form." This ruse saved him.

Fuller's men captured 300 horses of Forrest's and retook one gun and a wagon train which Forrest had captured from Dunham early in the fight. Fuller also captured 500 of Forrest's troopers, three of his guns and eight caissons.

Forrest promptly ordered a retreat as soon as he got back to his lines. In his report he tells how Dunham fought him for five hours and also declares that thirty minutes more with Dunham alone would have given him the fight, which was true. Dunham was in hard straits. His men could do no more than stand and see themselves hemmed in by Forrest. However, they fought like heroes, spurning the idea of surrender. The men of the battery, when their ammunition had been used up on the enemy, fought in the ranks of the infantry with any weapons at hand.

Forrest's friendly biographers claim that their hero was outnumbered by Dunham alone, yet the same authorities state that Dunham was hemmed in and fought desperately for five hours. Soldiers who fight so long and well do not permit themselves to be hemmed in by an inferior force. Forrest's force is placed officially by Confederates at 1,800 men, comprised in four regiments, three battalions and two batteries. Dunham had in the field 1,600 men and one battery only partly engaged, and that only for a short time.

Forrest usually swept everything before him, but he seldom found a Dunham and a Fuller on his track. Like Stonewall Jackson, he dodged a fight

"TELL HIM I NEVER SURRENDER."

against superior numbers and would have dodged Dunham at Parker's Crossroads but for the heavy wagon train, which was a dead weight on the movements of his mounted column. While racing with Dunham and Fuller for the crossroads he lost a day in getting his train over broken bridges and bad roads, but it was part of his game to get the train, with all its valuables, out of west Tennessee; otherwise that important feature of the raid would have been a failure.

Fuller's boldness in disobeying the command of his chief when ordered to halt was the turning point of the day. His men, with the rest of the Federal army in west Tennessee, had been on a useless chase after the raiders for two weeks. At last Forrest was come up with, and the chance for a fight to a finish was too good to be lost. He marched to the point of danger, to the help of his colleague. That march spoiled Forrest's victory at Parker's Crossroads and lessened the military glory of his great raid behind Grant.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

An American woman made the ascent of Vesuvius recently with a small party, which included Mrs. Cook, widow of the famous tourist manager. The display within the crater was unusually fine, which the American at dinner sadlingly attributed to the presence of Mrs. Cook. After several moments of silence two Englishmen exclaimed in one breath, "But how could she manage that?"—Youth's Companion.

Another Version of the Eden Incident.

"I suppose you regard Eve as to blame for tempting Adam to eat the apple?"

"Not at all," answered Miss Cayenne. "Eve was too generous to want the apple all for herself, and Adam was not gentleman enough to let her have it."—Washington Star.

On Its Own Merits.

A young man who spent his summer vacation on a Maine farm says that new instances of the thrift and shrewdness of his landlady are constantly thrusting themselves upon his attention.

One day a wagon load of unexpected relatives descended on the farm, and the mistress was, as she afterward frankly said, "put to it" to provide enough food for dinner. She brought forward among other things an apple pie which seemed to the boarder far inferior to the pies she usually made. But when she served it she spoke of her reputation as a pielmaker.

"They do say at the sociables that nobody's pies quite come up to mine," she remarked, with a beaming smile, "and apple pies are what you might call my specialty. I've often been asked for the recipe, but I tell 'em it's knack and judgment does it, not rule."

The pie disappeared, and then, when her guests were not as hungry as they had been, she brought forth a second pie, flaky of crust and luscious to the taste.

"Why, Aunt Mary," said the youngest of the party, a boy of twelve, "I think this pie's ever so much better than the other, and you haven't said a word about it!"

His aunt looked at him without so much as a twinkle in her eyes.

"This one will go down without praising, I reckon," she said gravely.

The Necessity of Mystery.

To be content in utter darkness and ignorance is indeed unmanly, and therefore we think that to love light and find knowledge must be always right. Yet (as in all matters before observed) wherever pride has any share in the work even knowledge and light may be ill pursued. Knowledge is good and light is good, yet man perished in seeking knowledge and the moths perish in seeking light, and if we who are crushed before the moth will not accept such mystery as is needful to us we shall perish in like manner. None but the proud will mourn over this, for we may always know more if we choose by working on, but the pleasure is, I think, to humble people in knowing that the journey is endless, the treasure inexhaustible.—"Lamps of Architecture," Ruskin.

Conversations.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, there is."

"No—that is, nothing to you."

"Come; tell me."

"I was thinking couldn't you eat your breakfast once without reading the paper."

"You know I have to hurry."

"There was a time"—

"Now, now."

"I scarcely ever see your face."

"But surely you don't object"—

"Yes, I do. It's horrid of you."

"But this is Monday morning, and"—

"Precisely. It's Monday morning, and you know I like to look at the advertisements on Monday morning."—New York Herald.

Needed, Too, Apparently.

Teacher—Now, what do you understand by brain work?

Boy—When a man works with his head.

Teacher—Correct. And what is manual labor?

Boy—When a man works with his hands.

Teacher—That's right. To which of these classes do I belong when I teach you? What do I use most in teaching you?

Boy—A strap.

Grandma's Object Lesson.

"My, my, my!" said the little girl's grandmother. "You mustn't make so much fuss when you have your hair combed. When I was a little girl, I had my hair combed three or four times every day."

"Yes," said the child, pointing at the poor little gray knot on the back of the good old lady's head, "and see what you've got for it!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Kisses.

An old sea captain, under the impression that he was saying a good thing, asked a lady passenger why men never kiss one another, while ladies waste a world of kisses on feminine faces.

"Because," the lady replied, "the men have something better to kiss and the women haven't."

The Inevitable.

"Do as I tell you," Tommy's mamma cried. "It's about time you realized the futility of struggling against the inevitable. Do you know what that means?"

"Yes'm," replied Tommy. "It means there's no use o' your washin' my hands an' face 'cause they'll only get dirty again."

His Taste.

The landlady was speaking.

"Mr. Barnstorme, how do you like your eggs?"

The tragedian's face relaxed into an expression of joy.

"Hard boiled!" he cried. Until that moment people had willfully mistaken his taste.—Baltimore Herald.

In a Close Place.

"How do you manage to live within your income, Briggs? Don't you feel cramped?"

"Cramped, did you say? Why, I have got to go out and borrow $10 every time I want to stretch myself."—Smart Set.

When People Laugh.

People laugh when they are amused, when they think people expect them to be amused and when they don't want to be rude and don't know what else to do.—Los Angeles Herald.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Unique Volume Devoted to a Long Trip on a Donkey.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, Sept. 23.—Something unique and entertaining is "On a Donkey's Hurricane Deck," by R. Pitcher Woodward, whose alliterative pen name is Pythagoras Pod. Starting from New York without a dollar, Mr. Woodward undertook to secure a donkey and ride the animal across the continent to San Francisco. Among the conditions were that Pod should wear a plug hat and a frock coat and that both he and the donkey must wear spectacles. He was to earn his way across the continent and was not to beg, borrow or steal.

All of these conditions Mr. Woodward fulfilled, making what he calls

PYTHAGORAS POD ON THE HURRICANE DECK.

"a tempestuous voyage of 4,096 miles" in 310 days and 2 hours, twenty-two hours less than he was to be allowed for the trip. When he had finished, he wrote a book about it. While Pod's story would be much more amusing were his efforts to be funny less obvious, most readers will follow the chronicle of his adventures with interest and laugh heartily over the numerous mishaps which he seemed to take with so much good humor.

Pod seems to have had a genius for making his way, for he lost no opportunity to turn the great amount of free advertising which he received into dollars and cents. He lectured when he could get an audience and sold photographs of himself and his donkey to every one who would buy.

In conclusion he says: "I had eleven donkeys on my overland trip, never more than five at one time. I wore out ten pairs of boots and put 148 shoes on my animals at an average cost of 90 cents each and arrived at my journey's end with several hundred dollars in pocket and weighing thirty-three pounds more than I did the day I set out from New York with 99 cents." And he ends with an epigrammatic epilogue which he credits to Mac A'Roni, one of his donkeys, in which are the following:

"This tale will be hard to swallow because truth is stronger than fiction.

"The trip was more delightful for Pod than for me.

"There are four distinct distances across the American continent, viz:

"Three thousand miles as the crow flies.

"Three thousand five hundred as the train steams.

"Four thousand by overland trail for a man.

"A million miles as a donkey goes.

"The most monotonous constant companion for a long journey is a man.

"There are more people who descend to the level of a jackass than donkeys that rise to the plane of man."

Another new book is "Poco a Poco" (Saalfield & Co.), which is of unusual interest to all Washingtonians for the reasons, first, that it is a Washington story and exploits a scheme which, were its object attained, would be of the utmost importance to that city, and, second, because the author, William Franklin Johnson, lived in the national capital for several years, having had a brilliant business career while there. He is best known as the founder of the Washington National Building and Loan and of the International Building and Loan associations.

Mr. Johnson is known in almost every town, city and hamlet throughout Pennsylvania, Maryland and the Virginias through his connection with building and loan associations, his success and ability in that business having given him a national reputation among all interested in savings and loan affairs.

During the period of his greatest business activities, anxieties and responsibilities Mr. Johnson was quietly preparing for a literary career—so quietly that few knew of that final great ambition of his life. He has carried into his book the action, virility, breadth and determination which characterized his business methods. And he looked upon every experience, whether favorable or adverse, as a lesson which should make its final contribution to a literary career.

Sir Gilbert Parker's famous novel, "The Right of Way," is to be added to the list of dramatizations of popular fiction. Sir Gilbert is now engaged in putting the finishing touches to the play which he himself has written. Mr. William Faversham will impersonate Charley Steele some time in October. The novel is eminently suited to stage adaptation. It has a strong central character of a unique and intensely interesting type, a story of great power and suspense and many striking dramatic situations. Indeed, the dramatist is more likely to be embarrassed by the richness of his material than by any lack of it for stage presentation.

RICHARD TUPPER.

Tabooed the Union.

"I—I have come," he began, addressing her father, "to—to suggest to you that a union of our families would——"

"I'm not in favor of unions," the testy old Captain of Industry interrupted, "and I will not submit the matter to arbitration. Good morning."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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JOHN EVARS,

328 Thames Street.

The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, December 13, 1902.

Newport thought that winter had come this week. Six below is an unusual record for this vicinity.

Venezuela is no doubt plucky, but right or wrong she had better yield to the demands of Great Britain and Germany.

The government has appropriated $1,000,000 to aid the farmers from loss of stock killed on account of the foot disease. The vigorous measures taken have pretty effectually checked the disease.

New York, New Haven & Hartford has purchased twenty acres of land at South Boston and will acquire additional water front adjoining. Large terminals, docks and warehouses will be erected to facilitate the export business to come from the Pennsylvania system.

On the first of Febuary, fifteen regiments of troops now in the Phillippines will be headed for home and fifteen regiments in this country will be sent out to take their places. The troops that are to be sent out are scattered all over the country, but none are as yet ordered from this vicinity.

The Rhode Island General Assembly has been grinding out work this week on a large scale. Evidently its members do not intend to leave anything for the next session. All they will have to do then will be to draw their salaries and listen to long speeches from the Democratic orators.

Next year will be a great year for yacht racing, especially off Newport. The tuning up spins of the new cup defender as well as the competitive meets to select the actual defender will lend an added zest to the sport. Many of the important events will occur over the Newport course, and will prove a decided benefit to this city.

Foster says that January will be the month for harvesting ice. The general public would be willing to forego the chance of a good ice harvest this winter for the sake of having moderate weather until the coal situation reaches the normal again. Ice in summer is more or less of a luxury but coal in winter has been proved to be a necessity of the most necessary sort.

It is said that a New York syndicate stands ready to furnish all the gold required to put the government of Mexico on a gold basis. Fifty millions it is said will be the necessary amount. That nation has paid in silver $14,000,000 more for imported articles during the fiscal year than during the previous year, although the actual value in gold was about the same.

The coal barons say "keep cool" and the coal will be forthcoming. There has been no trouble about keeping cool the past week. Now let's see the coal. If we have got to "keep cool" all winter we shall not need the coal for several reasons. First and most important we shall all be dead, and the place to which most people consign the "coal barons" will be so hot that the coal will not add to the fuel.

It is now practically certain that none of the wild and woolley western territories will be admitted to Statehood at th is session of Congress. The Republican members, two to one, are opposed to admitting New Mexico and Arizona, and there is not much likelihood that Oklahoma can get in if these other territories do not. It is well that they stay out for the present. The population of New Mexico and Arizona is not fit for self government.

One of the great picturesque figures of American statecraft is no more. The strongest character that ever occupied the Speaker's chair has passed to the great beyond—Tom Reed, as he was known to his great army of friends, Czar Reed to his enemies. Reed, the inimitable, whose profound mind has directed legislation through many a stormy scene in a hostile Congress, whose easy drawl and biting sarcasm have wrought havoc in the ranks of the opposition. He was a strong man and he will be greatly missed.

Although Newport people realize that there is a coal famine in the land the residents of this city are far better off than many of the neighboring cities. There has been no time when coal couldnot be obtained from some one of the dealers here, while in some of the large cities of New England during the cold spell of this week there has not been a pound of coal for sale. Boston and New Haven have both seen small sized coal riots. Of course the price is high here and the supply is not abundant but as yet there has been no actual suffering here from an absolute famine of coal.

If Venezuela is really seeking for trouble she will soon find it coming her way in large bunches. It looks as if this little South American nation were squaring its fists in determination to administer to the combined forces of Great Britain and Germany the worst thrashing they ever had. It does not seem as though Venezuela could look to Uncle Sam for assistance by calling on the Monroe Doctrine, for it has never been the policy of the United States to interfere with the collection of just claims against countries on the American continent by foreign nations. The probabilities are that that truculent little country will soon retract from its hostile attitude.

General Assembly.

Both the Senate and the House have held long sessions this week preparatory to early adjournment. A great deal of business has been transacted some of importance and some of less importance. An act has been passed creating a State House Commission consisting, of three members who shall have full control of the new state house. Items of local interest that have been passed in concurrence include the granting permission to the Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company to mortgage their property for an amount not to exceed $1,000,000; and also a resolution authorizing Stephen P. Barker, guardian of Mary W. Barker, to release her inchoate right of dower in certain lands. The Senate voted to indefinitely postpone the "Ten dollar exemption bill" relating to bankruptcy proceedings.

An act has been passed making the term of the state auditor three years instead of one; also an act granting to the Providence & Worcester Traction company the right of eminent domain in the towns of Lincoln and North Smithfield.

The report of Charles C. Gray and Charles E. Blake, the commissioners appointed to examine into the affairs of the Merchants Bank of Newport was received. The report was accompanied by a resolution to pay the bill of the two commissioners, amounting to $837.83. The resolution was passed.

Great Britain and the Doctrine

Great Britain and Germany seem to have finally determined that Venezuela must pay the debts due the citizens of these two countries, and a joint naval demonstration will be made to enforce the payment. There should be no danger to the United States in this move, and there will be none if the two European nations go about the enforcement of the collection of just debts in a proper way. All that the United States will demand will be that the Monroe doctrine be not infringed, and it is not likely that Great Britain would agree to any movement looking to the violation of that doctrine, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. In the first place, the doctrine was first adopted on a suggestion from England, and then, again, Great Britain is herself vitally interested in the maintenance of the doctrine. Great Britain has important colonies on this continent, and the doctrine is an assurance that in any future war with European nations these colonies would not be subject to seizure. These colonies can pass from her possession only in two ways, so long as America has the power to enforce the doctrine. Either they must become independent governments or they must be annexed to this country. In the event of a serious war in Europe, American protection of these provinces—protection at least that would prevent the aggression of other nations—would free Great Britain's hands for work in other quarters of the globe. John Bull's interest in the doctrine of Monroe is only second to the interest of Jonathan, and Great Britain is not likely to do anything that will look like an assault on that American institution. * * * If Venezuela expects that the United States intends to place obstacles in the way of the collection of debts she is mistaken, and her mistake will be brought home to her without delay. The danger, if there be danger, will lie in the conduct of the men intrusted with the mission, not with the purpose of the two governments. The situation will be such that a man like Admiral Diedrich, for example, can do a great deal of damage. But the American public may be assured that Great Britain will take no action until she has assurances that the rights of the United States will be carefully preserved.

On Sunday, Dec. 7, Dr. McClelland gave an unusually fine sermon on the Divinity of Christ from John 1:14, "And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father full of grace and truth." Some thought they had never heard a more able presentation of the equality of the Son unto the Father and regretted inclement weather should have deprived others of it.—Listener.

Mr. Edwin Carley is able to be at school once again. It will be remembered that he was injured recently in a foot ball game.

The New Hampshire Constitutional Convention has adopted a woman suffrage amendment by a vote of 145 to 92.

Creatore is Coming.

The Splendid Musician and Sensational Bandmaster to be Heard with His Great Band.

Creatore, the great and sensational Italian band leader, who is the most talked-of musician at present, will be here with his Italian band of 50 players at the Opera House, Tuesday, Dec. 30, afternoon and evening, under the management of James H. Barney, Jr. This will afford a musical treat and an amusement sensation of interest to every body. The best of critics have pronounced Creatore all right, and the public has taken to him as to no other leader, overcrowding the houses in New York and elsewhere, and shouting themselves hoarse at the way he leads his band. Creatore is a man of the warmest musical temperament; he feels his music, and so completely gives way to its sentiment that in conducting he acts out every phase of its meaning, swaying back and forth dreamily in the pianissimo passages, leaning over his players in a pleading, beseeching attitude, as though he were coaxing the music out of their instruments. While the greatest interest centres in Creatore's playing of the Italian music, he plays everything with artistic showing, even Wagner music, for which he has many requests. His appearance here will surely be interesting.

Washington Matters.

Congress Evidently Approves of the President's Message—Reduction of Philippine Tariff—A Sharp Contest on the Admission of New States—Militia Reorganization Bill Reported—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8, 1902.

As if to demonstrate its complete approval of the President's message, Congress has immediately gone to work to frame such trust legislation as Mr. Roosevelt has indicated as desirable. As it is deemed wise to embody in the proposed law a tax feature, not particularly for the purpose of raising revenue, but in order that there may be no question as to the constitutionality of the enactment, it has been determined to permit the House Committee on Judiciary to frame and report the law. The committee is already actively engaged, the trust bill of Representative Littlefield of Maine having been taken as a basis and having been favorably reported by the sub-committee to which it was first referred.

Mr. Littlefield's bill, in its present shape, provides for that publicity which the President has designated as so desirable, by requiring every corporation or similar institution with a capital stock in excess of $500,000 to make annual returns, showing all the important data concerning its business, to the Interstate Commerce Commission. It further provides for a tax of 1 per cent. on all stock issued in excess of what is regarded as actually paid up in cash or its equivalent. While the Interstate Commerce Commission will conduct the details of enforcement the Attorney General is instructed to prosecute all cases which the Commission reports as failing to comply with the provisions of the law. Suitable penalties are, of course, provided for infractions. In this connection, the bill of Representative Hepburn, which provides for an appropriation of $500,000 to enable the Attorney General to adequately prosecute such cases against the trusts as he may deem it necessary to bring, becomes of the utmost importance.

Most of the republican leaders of the Senate have signified not only their willingness to further anti-trust legislation in accordance with the President's recommendations, but predict that such a law will be enacted. Senator Hoar has said that he feared the short session would not afford an opportunity to do the subject justice but, if a satisfactory law is passed by the House, it is not likely that the Senator from Massachusetts will stand in its way.

Senator Lodge has introduced a bill providing for the reduction of the tariff on imports from the Philippines, from 75 to 25 per cent., of the Dingley rates. This bill is in entire accordance with the views of Secretary Root and Governor Taft and will doubtless become a law. It is further regarded as paving the way for greater liberality with Cuba. Another important measure affecting the Phillippines, which Senator Lodge will bring in at an early date, will provide for a gold standard in the islands. Vice-Governor Luke E. Wright, who is in Washington, speaks in glowing terms of American administration in the islands and states that, when the two bills referred to have been enacted, the Philippines will experience an era of prosperity heretofore unknown in the islands.

The only cloud on the republican sky is furnished by the Omnibus Territorial bill. Senator Beveridge and his committee after looking over the territories, reported the bill with the recommendation that only Oklahoma be admitted to statehood. The New England senators all oppose the admission of the territories, but many of the western republicans believe that it will be a mistake to refuse admission as republican sentiment is growing in the South and, with the personal popularity of the President to incite it, together with the fact that the republican party fathered their statehood, it would be easy to make of the three territories steadfast adherents of republican principles. Senator Quay has by no means given up the fight he has been making in favor of the territories and there promises to be a sharp contest on the floor of the Senate before the matter is disposed of.

The Senate Committee on Military Affairs has favorably reported the Militia Reorganization bill, which was introduced by Representative Dick and passed by the House at the last session. This bill was originally drawn in accordance with the views of the Secretary of War, and provides for the organization of the "reserve military strength" of the nation. Briefly, it provides for the drill and armament of the militia in accordance with the regulations prevailing in the regular army. It permits the President, in time of war or emergency, to call on the governors of states for military assistance and permits the use of the state forces as entireties, without separate enlistment or commissions. It provides for a reserve force of those who have served in either the regular army or the militia, who shall meet from time to time for drill and camp service and for a roll of officers who, having served for a certain time, shall pass an examination and be certified as worthy of commissions when such are required.

Senator Proctor has brought in the Army Reorganization bill, drafted by Secretary Root, and which is a modification of the bill introduced last year for the same purpose. It provides for the command of the army by a general staff, instead of by a single lieutenant general as is now the case. The Secretary of War has succeeded in overcoming the opposition which last year attended this measure and it is said to stand an excellent chance of enactment.

The Secretary of War is being besieged these days, by President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern railway, and the representatives of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific systems, all of whom are looking for the contract for the transportation of troops across the Pacific. It has been determined to abandon the Government transport service and the private companies are all anxious to secure the contract.

The sum of $217,500 is recommended by the secretary of the navy for additional barracks at the Naval Training Station at Newport for the accommodation of apprentices and others undergoing training. It is understood that Congressman Bull will introduce a special bill for this appropriation instead of allowing it to go in with the naval appropriation bill.

The body of John B. Wilson, enlisted tailor at the Training Station was found in the water near the station Thursday morning. Wilson had been missing since Monday. He was known in this city as Patrick W. Good.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Oelrichs close their cottage next week and go to New York for the winter.

National Aid for Cattle.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson has appeared before the House Committee on Agriculture to explain the urgent necessity for an emergency appropriation to enable his department to stamp out the foot and mouth disease now prevalent in some of the New England States.

Mr. Wilson advised the committee of conditions in the quarantined New England States, said that it had been found necessary to kill all infected cattle and that he had ordered their slaughter. He estimated that it would cost about $700,000 to stamp out the disease, arrangements having been made with the State authorities to pay 79 per cent. of the value of the cattle killed.

The committee was asked also to secure legislation which will give the Secretary of Agriculture authority, after an inspection of live stock, to give a certificate to the shipper, which will permit of the transportation from one State to another and through States without any further inspection by State authorites. By a recent decision of the Supreme Court, cattle may be stopped at any State line, it was explained, constituting a serious matter in inter-State commerce in cattle. A draft of a bill covering this proposed provision of law was taken under advisement by the committee.

The committee has reported to the House a bill carrying an emergency appropriation of $1,000,000 to meet the requirements of the Department in eradicating the disease in the infected sections.

Coal Goes Overboard.

British steamer Hill Glen from Hong Kong to New York put into this harbor on Sunday for a renewal of her coal supply, having encountered severe storms which delayed her and diminished her coal. Forty tons of soft coal were ordered from the Reynolds Company and were sent out to the vessel by the lighter. The two vessels were secured together by three hawsers and the Chinese coolies of the steamer proceeded to load the coal. All went well until perhaps two tons had been transferred from the lighter to the steamer when two of the hawsers parted. In order to prevent the lighter from swinging into the propeller of the steamer the other hawser had to be cut. After the crew had been hastily ordered aboard this was done and the lighter immediately turned turtle, sending the rest of her cargo into the harbor.

The lighter was subsequently brought to a wharf by a tug but her boiler was scraped off, adding to the expense of the day's work.

The first real step taken by congress to carry out President's recommendations regarding trusts and perhaps the only measure which will get before the house at this session, will be a bill providing for an appropriation of $500,000 to enable the attorney general to enforce the provisions of the Sherman law, introduced by Representative Hepburn.

At the Naval Hospital, connected with the Training Station at Newport 90 naval apprentices are under treatment for pneumonia, measles and mumps and convalescents are being sent to the Boston Naval Hospital to make room for the sick boys.

Election of Officers.

Charles E. Lawton Post, No. 5, G. A. R.

Commander—A. L. Trowbridge.
Senior Vice Commander—W. P. Smith.
Junior Vice Commander—John H. Mason.
Quartermaster—Charles E. Harvey.
Surgeon—Robert Cradie.
Officer-of-the-Day—Arthur R. Tuell.
Chaplain—William S. Bailey.
Officer-of-the-Guard—E. H. Tilley.
Trustees—C. E. Harvey, C. E. Clarke, W. S. Bailey.
Delegates to Encampment—C. A. Easterbrooks, L. O. Dean, C. E. Harvey.
Alternates—Jacob Townsend, William West, Robert Cradie.
The officers will be installed the first Wednesday in January.

Union Lodge, No. 668, Knights of Honor.

Past Dictator—Thomas J. Potter.
Dictator—Henry J. Hass.
Vice Dictator—Walter Sherman.
Assistant Dictator—Samuel Speers.
Chaplain—William S. Bailey.
Reporter—James H. Goddard.
Financial Reporter—Francis Stanhope.
Treasurer—Samuel H. Oxx.
Guide—William P. Denman.
Guardian—George W. Leonard.
Sentinel—Peter F. Clark.
Trustees—William S. Bailey, Henry J. Hass, Walter Sherman.
The installation will take place the second Tuesday in January, 1903.

Hope Lodge, No. 3, Knights of Pythias.

Chancellor Commander—Henry R. Osborne
Vice Chancellor—R. T. Johnson.
Prelate—J. M. Lewis.
Keeper of Records and Seals—E. C. Richards.
Master of Finance—William Matthews.
Master of Exchequer—Robert E. Brooks.
Master of Work—J. H. Robinson.
Master-at-Arms—H. L. Lewis.
Inner Guard—Charles Avant.
Outer Guard—Virgil Jackson.
After the election a collation was served.

Roger Williams Lodge, No. 285, Sons of St. George.

President—Albert J. Kessell.
Vice President—George Hall.
Treasurer—Joseph Taylor.
Messenger—Alfred Faull.
Secretary—Frederick Hall.
Financial Secretary—John Parker.
Chaplain—William Austin.
Assistant Messenger—Percy Jefferys.
Inside Sentinel—Albert Beckhurst.
Outside Sentinel—John Thomas.
Representative—Frank Moore.

St. Joseph's Young Men's Society.

President—C. W. R. Callahan.
Vice President—C. C. Moore.
Recording Secretary—J. J. McManus.
Financial Secretary—E. D. Stewart Haynes.
Treasurer—Rev. Dr. Doran.
Marshal—Michael Masef.

Division No. 2, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

President—Maurice Roche.
Vice President—James B. Murphy.
Recording Secretary—John J. O'Connell.
Financial Secretary—Thomas J. Doyle.
Sentinel—Cornelius Sullivan.
Trustees—James Egan, Timothy B. O'Connell, M. H. Sullivan.

Carpenters' and Joiners' Union 176.

President—John J. Kelley.
Vice President—P. J. McAuliffe.
Recording Secretary—Albert Wells.
Financial Secretary—John J. Gallagher.
Treasurer—Daniel Tobin.
Conductor—Harry Pence.
Warden—William Mulselker.

Personals.

The country editor had turned the personal column over to his daughter temporarily, while politics claimed his attention.

The daughter had studied country editorial methods to some advantage, and the following items appeared:

"Tom Jones called last evening with a two-pound box of candy. Call again, Tom."

"Harry Mason was around with his trotter and sidebar buggy last week. Don't forget the number, Harry."

"George Brown's billboard is said to be good for two seats for anything that comes. We always like to see George on show nights."

"Miss Mary Martin, the milliner, has a magnificent display of the latest styles in her show window. How much is this good for, Mary?"

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Homeseeker's Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest

via Chicago & North-Western Ry from Chicago November 4, 18, December 2 and 16. Exceptionally low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Wyoming. Better own a farm. Start now. Send 2-cent stamp to W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago, for copy of the "Northwestern Homeseeker." Apply to your nearest ticket agent for particulars, or address J. E. Brittain, 368 Washington street, Boston, Mass. 11-15-8w

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

DECEMBER 1902. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn	High water Eve
13 Sat	7 15	4 33	5 11	5 32	6 01
14 Sun	7 16	4 33	rises	6 23	6 51
15 Mon	7 16	4 34	5 35	7 13	7 41
16 Tues	7 17	4 34	6 11	8 03	8 35
17 Wed	7 18	4 34	7 05	8 55	9 27
18 Thurs	7 18	4 34	9 6	9 47	10 20
19 Fri	7 20	4 35	10 11	10 41	11 15

First Quarter 8th day, 1h. 28m., morning, Full Moon 14th day, 10h. 47m., evening, Last Quarter 21st day, 3h. 0m., evening, New Moon, 29th day, 1h. 25m. evening.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

Real Estate Agent, Newport, R. I., Office, 182 Bellevue Avenue.

Tracts of Land and Fine Sites For Sale on Easton's Point,

MIDDLETOWN, R. I.—The opposite "Cliffs" being all studded with summer residences, the probability is that gradually Easton's Point will become equally covered with summer houses for the wealthy. Apply at MR. TAYLOR'S office in Newport for details.

Marriages.

In Fall River, Dec. 8, by Rev. E. A. Buck Mr. Wright A. Copeland of Fall River to Miss Jessie R. Newman, of Jamestown.

Deaths.

In this city, 11th inst., Mrs. Mary A., widow of Capt. George C. Williams, and daughter of the late William and late Abby Pengelley, aged 71 years, 8 months and 18 days.

In this city, 12th inst., Patrick W. Goode.

In this city, 10th inst., Catherine, wife of William J. Ehrhardt, in her 35th year.

In New York, 10th inst., William J. Nolan, of 26 McAllister's court, this city.

In this city, 8th inst., Peleg R. Huddy, in his 80th year.

In this city, 7th inst., Robert S. Barker, in the 83d year of his age.

In Providence, 9th inst., Albert Potter Hawkins, 86; 8th inst., Mrs. Julia A. Johnson, 82.

In Fall River, 8th inst., Nancy D., widow of Benjamin Wells, formerly of South Kingstown, R. I., in her 88th year.

In New York city, Wednesday, 11 December 1902, Margaretta McKay, widow of the late Charles Howard Malcom, D. D., of Newport, R. I., and daughter of William Mc Kay Esq. of Garden Vale Moss-Side, Ireland.

C. H. Wrightington,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

A good list of one and two-tenement houses for sale; some extra bargains.

Cottages and Tenements for Rent.

BUILDING SITES

IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY.

ALSO

LIFE, FIRE, ACCIDENT, PLATE-GLASS INSURANCE.

OFFICE—84 Broadway, Newport, R. I. Telephone 921.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A wise old man told his sons that as long as they kept together like a bundle of fagots they could not be broken, although each one separately could not withstand much strain.

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

illustrates the point as a food. Any single property of the wheat will not produce a strong, healthful body. Several will not do it. *All* do.

Chemistry shows that each property of the wheat has an exact counterpart in the body and that the reverse is also true. If we deplete the wheat, as is done in milling white flour, we reduce the nourishing powers.

Eat SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT made of the *whole* wheat and nourish the whole body. Sold by all grocers.

Served in many delightful ways.

Send for "The Vital Question," (Recipe Book, illustrated in colors,) FREE. Address

The Natural Food Co.
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

Rhode Island State Grange.

The Rhode Island State Grange held its sessions on Tuesday and Wednesday in East Greenwich. The meetings were largely attended and much interest was manifested in the progress of the work. Pleasing addresses were delivered by members of the grange, and the foot and mouth disease among cattle was the subject of much discussion.

Resolutions on the death of Mr. Herman F. Peckham were adopted and resolutions of sympathy were passed on the illness of William C. Rose, master of Exeter Grange, the following officers were elected:

Master—F. E. Marchant, West Kingston.
Overseer—F. P. Manchester, Providence.
Lecturer—Theodore S. Snow, Wakefield.
Steward—John P. Fritz, Newport.
Assistant Steward—Wendell Phillips, Hope Valley.
Chaplain—Mrs. Aldrich, Woonsocket.
Treasurer—Benjamin Martin, East Providence.
Secretary—A. F. Coggeshall, Middletown.
Gate Keeper—John H. Jackson, Lime Rock.
Pomona—Mrs. Voelker, Cumberland.
Flora—Mrs. Barker, Hope Valley.
Ceres—Mrs. Whipple, Cumberland.
Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. E. Spooner, East Greenwich.
Executive Committee Member—D. S. Bushee.
Member of State Board of Agriculture for Two Years—I. L. Sherman, Middletown.

Weather Bulletin.

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ST. JOSEPH, MO., Dec. 13:—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent December 15 to 19, warm wave 14 to 18, cool wave 17 to 21.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about December 20, cross west of Rockies by close of 21, great central valleys 22 to 24, eastern states 25.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about December 20, great central valleys 22, eastern states December 24. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about December 23, great central valleys 25, eastern states 27.

Temperature of the week ending December 22 will average above normal in the northwest, above in southwest, below normal on Pacific coast, above in Ohio valley, lake region and northeastern states and about in southeastern states. Rainfall will be below normal in southwest, about in southeast, below in northeast, below in northwest and about on Pacific slope.

Immediately following date of this bulletin normal temperatures will prevail in northwest and southwest, while temperature will be moderate on Pacific slope, normal in Ohio valley, about great lakes and in northeastern states, moderate in southeastern states.

Middle third of December temperature was predicted to rise and average about normal while last third of the month will be much colder with rapidly declining temperatures.

Snow and rainfall will increase generally after we pass December 17 and the month will go out cold and stormy.

No better forecast was ever made than was given in these bulletins for the cold wave and great storms that occurred during the first week of this month.

I expect good ice weather in January and those who put up that commodity should do the work during that month. Local details of January will be given in bulletin of December 27 and it will pay to prearrange your ice work according to those detailed forecasts.

Some very cold weather will occur in February but the month will not average as cold as will January. A short spell of warm weather in February will probably damage ice.

I am now well up with my weather calculations. My new system of meteorology is nearer complete than ever before and I hope to rapidly improve the value of my forecasts.

Weather records have been carefully made continuously at Madras, India, since 1796, covering 105 years. Such records are immensely valuable in long range forecasting.

Rev. Brewer G. Boardman will leave Newport the last of this month for Elberton, Georgia, where he will become the pastor of the Baptist church.

IN FIGHTING MOOD

Venezuelans Seize Britons and Germans at Puerto Cabello

BRITISH STEAMER TAKEN

England Beginning to Realize Serious Possibilities of Attempted Coercion and Hopes United States Will Interfere to Settle Difficulties

London, Dec. 12.—A dispatch to The Daily Mail from Willemstad, Island of Curacao, dated Dec. 11, says:

"The Venezuelan authorities at Puerto Cabello are fortifying that town. They have seized and imprisoned the British and German consuls there, as well as other Britons and Germans, and have taken possession of their property.

"The authorities also seized a British steamer which was discharging a cargo of coal at Puerto Cabello; this vessel was unable to escape owing to a breakdown in her machinery.

"The American consul at Puerto Cabello attempted to intervene, but he was disregarded."

The British consul at Puerto Cabello is R. Kolster. The German representative is P. Tiede. L. T. Ellsworth is the American consul at that port.

Up to a late hour last night the foreign office was still without further news regarding the situation in Venezuela. While there is no confirmation of the rumors of fighting in La Guaira, etc., the newspapers this morning are beginning to show a keener appreciation of the serious possibilities involved by President Castro's continued defiance.

This feeling will hardly be lessened by a report that a British vessel has been seized at Puerto Cabello and it is shown in the eager demands upon the government to present in parliament documents explaining the grounds for its action, so that the country shall be no longer in doubt as to what provocation the government has received. Questions as to how it will be possible to enforce the payment of Great Britain's demands upon Venezuela without costly military operations, and whether even the occupation of the capital of that country would achieve the desired result are being asked.

While it is recognized that President Castro has nothing to lose and that the Venezuelans are incensed at the sinking of their ships, and may set aside their internal dissensions and make stout resistance, hoping for some assistance from the United States or France, much gratitude is expressed at Minister Bowen's prompt intervention in behalf of the British and German residents. Considerable alarm is expressed at the possible fate of British subjects, not only in the coast towns but in the interior of Venezuela.

Through all the editorial articles published this morning there runs a strong vein of hope more or less openly expressed that the United States will interfere in some way to secure an adjustment of the difficulty acceptable to both sides, either by arbitration or other means, and thus avoid hostilities.

As Viewed at Washington

Washington, Dec. 12.—It is an interesting fact that up to this point the state department has not undertaken to recognize the limitations that might be placed on American commerce in case of a Venezuelan blockade. The German government last year sought to secure an understanding on this point, but the state department simply recorded the views of that government without either accepting or rejecting them, so that our hands are free.

Mr. Pulido, Venezuela's charge d'affaires, has received no confirmation from his government of the sinking of the Venezuelan gunboats by the foreign fleet of La Guaira and he says:

"I confess I am unable to see what the foreign powers mean by sinking my country's little gunboats, which are scarcely more than yachts compared to the foreign men-of-war. I do not understand it for the reason that assurances have been given only in the last day or two that the blockade established was to be a 'peace blockade.' I regard the sinking of the gunboats as absolutely unwarranted. It will be found that the situation has been gravely complicated thereby."

Woman Frozen to Death

Providence, Dec. 10.—Julia Thornton, 70 years old, was found frozen to death in her room in a tenement house last night. The room showed every sign of destitution, a mattress on the floor and a rocking chair being the only article of furniture. The aged woman was fully dressed, having on even her bonnet and shawl, indicating an effort to keep warm.

Expect to Be Reimbursed

Danvers, Mass., Dec. 9.—The officials of the Danvers Savings bank do not apprehend any difficulty in obtaining reimbursement from the National Security company to the extent of its liability in the matter of defalcations by the late treasurer, Albion F. Welch, now deceased. The security company has not yet been heard from.

Boy's Skeleton Unidentified

Nashua, N. H., Dec. 9.—Coroner Hunt went to Antrim yesterday for a final hearing upon the finding of the skeleton in Contoocook river. The decision rendered was that the person, a boy about 15 years, came to his death from causes unknown.

Two Coal Barges Lost

New London, Conn., Dec. 12.—Tug Charles McWilliams, which lost the coal barges Dixie and Lady Jane in a gale on Monday, picked up the wreck of the Lady Jane off this port yesterday. The bottom is out of the barge and she is beyond repair. The Dixie was sunk in the gale off Hamonsett point.

WHITE SQUADRON WINS

Sumner Enters Mayaguez Harbor and Mines It Without Resistance

Mayaguez, P. R., Dec. 10.—A notable victory was achieved yesterday by Admiral Sumner, in command of the white squadron, with the Iowa, Illinois, Albany and the Chicago. He captured Mayaguez without resistance and immediately mined the harbor. The Nashville and the Eagle subsequently entered the channel and later the Atlanta and the San Francisco, thus completing Admiral Sumner's squadron.

Admiral Sumner's victory was due to the careful execution of his plans. At Trinidad he directed the white squadron to proceed to a point within a circle with a radius of 720 miles. The white squadron was reported to Admiral Higginson, commanding the blue, or opposing squadron, at 6 o'clock on the afternoon of Dec. 5. Admiral Sumner's objective was Mayaguez, Guayanilla, Ponce, Eusenada or Culebra.

Under the rules the white squadron would win if it entered the port selected and worked for one hour laying mines before the arrival of a blue squadron 70 percent superior, or if it entered its harbor and completed the work of mining before the arrival of a blue squadron double its strength. The white squadron would lose if it was intercepted by a superior force at sea, or within one hour after having anchored in the port selected.

Murder at Boston

Boston, Dec. 11.—Maddened by jealousy, Louis Lyman, a painter of 6 Cable street, Jamaica Plain, last night killed Charles Bruchner, a German butcher, in a quarrel in the street near the former's residence. Lyman then ran to his home, locking himself in, but upon the arrival of the police surrendered himself without showing any sign of resistance, and is now locked up on a charge of murder. Lyman accused Bruchner of alienating his wife's affections. The Lymans have six children. Bruchner is unmarried.

Many Young Jackies Sick

Newport, R. I., Dec. 11.—At the naval hospital connected with the training station, 90 naval apprentices are under treatment for pneumonia, measles and the mumps, and convalescents are being sent to the Boston naval hospital, in order to make room for the sick boys. The concrete flooring of the apprentices' barracks, which is believed to have been responsible for the pneumonia, has been covered with pine.

Consul Nast Is Dead

Guayaquil, Ecuador, Dec. 8.—Consul General Nash died yesterday of yellow fever after three days' illness. He was interred yesterday afternoon. The funeral was attended by the governor, the consular corps, the American colony and by many friends. The coffin was wrapped in the Stars and Stripes. The British consul recited a prayer in the cemetery. Mr. Nast was appointed consul general last July.

Opposition to License Measure

Montpelier, Vt., Dec. 11.—Opposition to the local option high license act, upon which a referendum will be held in February, has taken tangible form in the "Vermont Temperance Federation," formed here yesterday by 30 ministers and laymen of all denominations. Its object is to so canvass the state in the interest of prohibition as to bring about the rejection of the license measure.

Millionaire Charged With Assault

Pawtucket, R. I., Dec. 10.—Michael Hart, Jr., the millionaire brewer, whose wife is suing for separate maintenance, was arrested last night on warrants charging him with assault upon Mary Connell, his mother-in-law, and Mamie Connell, his sister-in-law. It is alleged that he went to the house occupied by his wife and her mother's family and there committed the assaults.

Worsted Manufacturers Assign

Woonsocket, R. I., Dec. 8.—The Simson & Kirkaldy company of this city, capitalization $100,000, has executed an assignment, following the placing of two attachments upon the company's plant. President Simson states that the assignment is made in order to treat all creditors alike. The mill will be run as usual in the manufacture of worsteds for men's wear.

Government Will Complete Job

Boston, Dec. 9.—The United States government has decided to take away from F. G. Coburn & Co., the contractors who recently failed, the right to complete the new forge shop which that firm for months past has been constructing at the lower end of the Charlestown navy yard. The navy yard authorities are to finish the work.

Boy Fatally Shot

Providence, Dec. 8.—Fred R. Basto, 11 years old, was wounded on Saturday at Centreville by a charge from a shotgun held by George W. Watson, 10 years old, and died yesterday. The Watson lad picked up a gun and, pointing it at Basto, in a spirit of fun, pulled the trigger. The shot took effect in Basto's head.

Suffered Apoplectic Stroke

Marion, Mass., Dec. 8.—There is no apparent change in the condition of former Attorney General Knowlton, who was stricken with apoplexy at his summer home here Saturday. Several times he rallied and recognized members of his family, but almost immediately lapsed into unconsciousness.

Bliss' Mission Fulfilled

Havana, Dec. 12.—A dinner was given at the palace last night by President Palma in honor of General Bliss. It is understood that the protocol of the commercial treaty between Cuba and the United States was signed after the dinner.

Gas Wrecks Drug Store

Edgartown, Mass., Dec. 11.—Dr. T. J. Walker's drug store here was wrecked by an explosion of gas last night. To a leaky generator or defective plumbing is attributed the accident. The gas generator was in the basement and the force of the explosion broke the basement wall, allowing the north side of the building to settle. No one was seriously hurt.

THE PHILIPPINES

Presented In a Dark Light by Professor Schurman

POINTS OUT DEFICIENCIES

And Declares That They Cannot Be Atoned by Over-Educational Work —Deprecates the "Folly of Project of Americanizing" the Natives

New York, Dec. 12.—Brigadier General Greely and President Schurman of Cornell university were the principal speakers at a meeting of the Nineteenth Century club last night. The meeting was devoted to the discussion of "The United States in the Philippines."

President Schurman said in part:

"The Philippine question will not stay down. Just as soon as it seems to grow quiescent some one stirs it up or great events compel us to look at it again. It is now known to all who follow the course of Philippine affairs that the Filipinos are the victims of famine, pestilence, wholesale loss of farm animals by disease, depression of agriculture, decline of trade, and disastrous derangement of the currency. The insular government is purchasing rice on the Asiatic continent to furnish the Filipinos with the means of subsistence and losses are expected on the transaction—which of course the Filipino will have to make good by taxation. The currency and the trade of the Filipinos is under the control of congress, but congress last winter refused to do much for either. The failure of congress to establish the gold standard has cost the Philippine government over $1,000,000 in the meanwhile in consequence of declines in the value of silver. And this loss must be borne by the Filipino taxpayers.

"Have not the Filipinos the right to a stable currency? Would it not be politic, as well as wise and generous, to open our doors to their trade so that they might feel this foreign sovereignty at least profitable in a pecuniary way?

"President Roosevelt, too, has compelled us to think again of the Philippine problem. He recently stated that the flag could no more come down in the Philippines than it could in Alaska. Now where the American flag goes it symbolizes the sovereignty of the people over whom it waves, the Republican government. Hence if the flag is to stay in the Philippines, Luzon and the Visayas, by the logic of American political philosophy, must become states in the union as New Mexico and Oklahoma and Alaska are bound to be. If this result is not desired, the Filipinos must either be retained in forcible subjection or given their independence, as the United States has given independence to Cuba and England has given a not less real independence to Canada and Australia.

"There will, if I am not mistaken, soon be another stimulus to talk on Philippine affairs. Hitherto it had been assumed that over-educational work in the archipelago atoned for all other deficiencies. I said a year ago in Boston in a public address on Philippine affairs, and I repeat it now, with still more emphasis, that this educational work is vitiated by a fundamental mistake. Give all the educational work in an American town into the charge of one Spaniard; have all instruction given in Spanish, and how much would the children learn? Well, substitute an active American teacher for that hypothetical Spaniard, and that is what we are doing in the Philippines.

"The Filipinos do not need a common language for purposes of instruction. Employ native teachers and a few Americans who learn the leading dialects, and let the other American teachers come home. All history shows that it is impossible to change the language of any people.

"From the beginning nature and history, but now experience, too, cry against the folly of this project of Americanizing or Anglicizing the Filipinos. Recognize the men of Luzon and the Visayans as fellow-Christians with rights equal to your own; consult their ideas and sentiments, and do what they want; and above all, bear in mind that no nation can raise another upward, but at most provide favorable conditions for it to stand upon its own feet and make its own way. Do this, I say, and you have the clue, and the only clue, to the solution of this difficult and oppressive Philippine question."

Wants $1,000,000 to Fight Disease

Washington, Dec. 10.—Secretary Wilson made the appeal in a letter sent to congress yesterday through the secretary of the treasury, asking for an emergency appropriation of $1,000,000 or so much thereof as may be necessary, to meet the requirements in fighting the foot and mouth disease in New England.

Windup of a Nashua Bank

Nashua, N. H., Dec. 9.—In the superior court yesterday Assignee Patch of the Contoocook Valley Savings bank filed his accounts and they were accepted. The court issued a decree ordering paid a final dividend of 14 percent, amounting to $7000. The affairs of the bank are now closed up.

Drank Chloroform by Mistake

Burlington, Vt., Dec. 8.—Alexander Powers, a blacksmith, aged 44, drank two ounces of chloroform, thinking it was gin, and died four hours later without regaining consciousness. He leaves a widow and seven children.

To Get $1,250,000 For Property

Boston, Dec. 12.—The Park Street Congregational society last night voted to accept the offer of $1,250,000 made for the church property by a syndicate which desires to utilize the site for business purposes. It is understood that the syndicate stands ready to pay cash down for the property.

NINETEEN CITIES VOTED

For Municipal Officers and on License Question in the Bay State

Boston, Dec. 10.—More surprises came with the 19 Massachusetts cities holding elections yesterday than with the 13 which decided the question of home government last week. Summarizing the features, it appears that Salem, turning out the almost famous administration of Mayor Hurley in favor of an overwhelmingly Republican government, also went into the license column; Lowell went Republican for mayor for the first time in years, chose a Democratic board of aldermen, but a Republican council, and capped the climax by going no license by about 300. Then Chelsea went no license in conformity with every other city in Boston's environs, a result not unexpected in face of the returns last year, when license had the hair-breadth margin of four votes. Newburyport joined the other seaport cities in going license, reversing last year's verdict. The four cities mentioned, with Fitchburg last week, constitute the changes of cities on the license question this year.

The elections resulted as follows:

Cities	Mayor	City Govt.
Boston	no election	Dem.
Malden	Dean (Rep.)	Rep.
Cambridge	McNamee (Rep.)	Rep.
Chelsea	Willard (Rep.)	Rep.
Everett	Bruce (Rep.)	Rep.
Somerville	Glines (Rep.)	Rep.
Beverly	Davis (Rep.)	Rep.
Fall River	Grime (Rep.)	Rep.
Chicopee	Loomis (Rep.)	Rep.
Holyoke	Chapin (Rep.)	Rep.
Lowell	Howe (Rep.)	Rep.
Lynn	Eastham (Rep.)	Rep.
Medford	Baxter (Rep.)	Rep.
Melrose	Buttrick (Rep.)	Rep.
Newburyport	Carens N. P.)	N. P.
Newton	Weeks (Rep.)	Rep.
Salem	Peterson (Rep.)	Rep.
Woburn	Feeney (Dem.)	Dem.
Worcester	Fletcher (Rep.)	Rep.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

The Vermont senate reconsidered the vote by which it passed the bill forbidding state officers to accept railroad passes, and killed the bill, a similar bill having been previously killed in the house.

Judge William W. Leach of the district court of Eastern Hampden died at his home at Palmer, Mass., after a brief illness. He was born at Monson, Mass., in 1850.

John P. Brown, 87 years old, formerly a member of the firm of Woodward & Brown, piano manufacturers, was found dead in a chair at his home at Salem, Mass.

The consolidation of the Providence Gas and Narragansett Electric Lighting companies by the Rhode Island company is reported to be under consideration. Nearly $5,000,000 is involved.

Captain Horace Broughton, a former commander of merchant ships, died at Marblehead, Mass., aged 66. He began a sea-faring life in 1851.

While engaged in hauling logs at Randolph, Vt., Lewis Colombe was crushed to death by the load falling upon him.

Fire started from an overheated furnace in a lodging house for school teachers at Waltham, Mass., owned and occupied by Mrs. Annie T. Hyde, causing damage of $3500.

Fire practically destroyed the magnificent residence of G. O. Whiting, milk contractor, at Lexington, Mass., and caused a loss of nearly $20,000. Nearly all the furniture was saved.

Thomas F. Cannon, a brakeman, was killed in the Dedham, Mass., yard, by being thrown off a car and striking a granite wall.

Miss Mabel Cole, while walking about Nashua, N. H., had both feet frozen. They may have to be amputated.

The council of the Society of the Colonial Wars in New Hampshire has procured a bronze tablet to be placed on Fort William and Mary in Portsmouth harbor, which will commemorate the seizure of the fort by Captain Langdon and Major Sullivan in 1774.

Samuel Sampson, 41 years old, was run over by a switching engine at Gloucester, Mass. The wheels nearly severed his body, but notwithstanding his terrible injury, he lived nearly an hour.

Mrs. George A. Lewis, aged 47, was burned to death by a fire in her home at Hartford. The woman was alone and it is supposed that her clothes took fire from the kitchen stove.

Fire destroyed the principal business block at Guilford, Me., caused a financial loss of $22,000, and leaving five secret societies without a meeting place in that town. The burned building was owned by Henry Douglass and Good Cheer lodge of Odd Fellows.

Mrs. Mary Toohey, 55 years old, was found dead in bed at Lawrence, Mass., from heart failure. Children played about the bed thinking she was asleep.

The Maynard House, a hotel at Maynard, Mass., of between 40 and 50 rooms, was gutted by fire, causing a loss of about $10,000. It is supposed that the fire started from an overturned lamp.

For the second time within a month a break occurred in the main water supply pipe at Gloucester, Mass., shutting off the entire water supply of the city and tearing up a street for a considerable distance.

Dr. Henry Cutler, composer and musical conductor, died suddenly at his home at Swampscott, Mass. His musical compositions were numerous, but they were published in such an expensive way they failed to attain a wide circulation.

Joseph Williamson, a prominent Maine attorney, historian and local official, died suddenly at his home at Belfast, aged 74. He was the first judge of the Belfast municipal court and had served as alderman and city solicitor.

Successful Test of Big Dredge

Bath, Me., Dec. 12.—The hydraulic steam dredge Cumberland, built for the government, was given her first official trial yesterday, a four-hour test at sea. She was required to make 10 miles an hour, and reeled off 10.5 miles. The water pumps were tried and showed a capacity of 24,000 gallons a minute.

Old Colony Street Railway Co

(ILLUMINATING DEP'T.)

Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with Electricity at lowest rates.

Electric Supplies. Fixtures and Shades

449 to 455 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Free With Every Package of

Pillsbury's Oat Food

We give you a Package of

VITOS (Wheat Food.)

We have just received a fresh lot of goods from the Purina Mills.

RALSTON BREAKFAST FOOD.
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S. S. THOMPSON,

Postal Station No. 1. 172 TO 176 BROADWAY.

HERE'S THE DIFFERENCE.

Our Clothes look high priced, but are really not, while the majority of Goods you pay more for don't show the quality, because of poor making and fitting. It's the tasteful little extras we put on Top Coats and Suits, for instance, which gives them that air of distinction and style.

$10 to $25.

Newport One Price Clothing Co.,

208 THAMES STREET. 208

SCHREIER'S,

The Leading Millinery House,

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A Chance For All to Get an Elegant

TRIMMED HAT OR TOQUE.

We have inaugurated a cut price sale. Call early and get your choice. All

MILLINERY TRIMMINGS at greatly reduced figures.

THIS IS THE PLACE TO GET YOUR

OSTRICH PLUMES

AND

NOVELTIES IN THE LINE.

FEATHER BOAS

IN GREAT VARIETY.

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Headquarters for VELVETS. Liberal Discount to the Trade and Dressmakers.

1902

WALL PAPERS

—AT—

Half Price.

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Help Wanted.

I WANT A FEW GOOD SALESMEN who call on the cigar trade throughout the New England States to introduce the

"MIEBIS" CIGARETTE

(the finest cigarette ever made).

ROBERT APPLETON, JR.,
6-28-tf 7 Pine street, New York.

For Sale

FARM at Adamsville, R. I., containing about 45 acres, with dwelling house, large stone barn and other buildings, for sale. Apply to ABRAHAM MANCHESTER, Adamsville, R. I., or to WILLIAM P. SHEFFIELD, JR., 11-30-tf Newport, R. I.

NOTICE.

I have removed my ROOTS AND HERBS DISPENSARY and residence to 18 Farewell street.

B. W. PEARCE.

THE OLD RELIABLE

SHOE STORE, 186 Thames St.

Has the most up-to-date RE-PAIRING & RENOVATING SHOP in the city.

M. S. HOLM.

Tickets and Drafts on the Old Country For Sale.

2-8

For Rent.

Good rooms in the MERCURY Building, either furnished or unfurnished. Possession given April 1st.

Enquire at the MERCURY OFFICE.

Selected Tale.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

There had been something amiss with the one sleeping car. There was talk of a cracked wheel, or a fractured axle. Whatever the cause, it wasn't considered safe to proceed any further with the heavy coach. The passengers, who had just begun to settle themselves for the night were unceremoniously ejected, and told to find room in the day coaches ahead. The sleeping car was full but the two day cars were not crowded. There was room for all.

One of the dispossessed passengers was a young woman who looked about her a little timidly as she entered the day car, and hesitated a moment before she sought a seat. Presently she saw an empty seat and took possession of it.

There was some bumping about as the trainmen uncoupled the damaged and ran it on a switch. The young woman with her face close to the window could see the lanterns swinging, and the lights in the little station. Then with a sudden jerk the cars bumped together as the train was off on its long run across the prairie. As the girl straightened up she noticed that a stout man was standing in the aisle and smiling down at her. Then he seated himself beside her, depositing his traveling bag at his feet. The light in the car was dim, and the newcomer peering around at the girl was quite unable to catch the expression on her shaded face.

"Don't you worry," he said in a husky voice, "I'll look after you all right."

The girl gave no indication that she heard this offer, unless a sudden shrinking movement that drew her closer to the window could be construed into an answer. It was a slight movement and yet it attracted the attention of the man in the seat just behind her. He leaned a little forward.

"Anything I can do for you, Miss?" said the stout man as he tried to get a glimpse at the girl's face.

She faintly shook her head.

The man in the rear seat leaned still further forward.

"Let's be sociable," said the stout man with a winning smile.

The man in the rear seat touched him on the shoulder.

"You'll excuse me," he quietly said, "but this young lady is in my charge."

The girl slightly started and the stout man looked around with a scowl.

"Eh," he growled. "In your charge?"

"Yes," said the other man sharply with his face still advanced. His gray eyes snapped. "That's enough, isn't it?"

The eyes of the stout man wavered. He turned back. Presently he stood up and slouching along the aisle passed through the forward door. The man in the rear seat leaned back. Then he suddenly arose and stepping into the aisle picked up the stout man's valise and placed it on the seat he had just vacated. Then he took his own valise and a bulky leather case and put them on the floor in front of the seat the girl was occupying. His movements were quick and the change was but the work of a moment.

"If you don't mind, I'll sit here," he said: "It may serve to keep off interlopers."

And scarcely pausing to catch the slight nod of the girl's head, he seated himself beside her. Then he leaned back comfortably and drawing a timetable from his pocket began tracing the progress of the train.

Presently the girl turned a little and looked at him. He had a good face, she fancied. It was a little pale and somewhat thin, and his eyes had a hollow look—but they were bright eyes and his chin showed a resolute squareness. He was nearing thirty, she guessed—a man who had seen something of the world and plainly showed it in his appearance. The girl pushed her veil a little higher.

"Thank you," she softly said.

He did not look up.

"You are quite welcome."

The girl frowned a little and leaned back. For a few moments she listened to the monotonous thumping of the train. Then she looked round again.

"I think you are a gentleman," she said.

"I hope so," he answered briefly and went on with his timetable.

"I want you to know," she persisted, "that I am grateful for your interference a few moments ago."

"If people send children on such lonely rides as this," the man remarked his eyes still on the phamphlet, "I fancy it's the duty of well meaning men to take an interest in their welfare."

"But I'm not a child," said the girl.

He turned and looked at her and lifted his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "It was a natural mistake. There was something about your—your hair, and your girlish appearance, that gave me the impression that you might still be in school."

"I haven't been out very long," said the girl with a pleasant laugh, "but I am nearly 21."

"My interference just now was largely based on the belief that you were a mere child," he said. "I should be sorry to have you consider me presumptuous."

"I have already thanked you," said the girl.

"Yes, I remember," he said, and looked back to his time table.

The girl watched him for a moment or two.

"Don't you think," she said, "that if I am in your charge it would look a little more reasonable if we appeared to be on friendly terms?"

He dropped his time table with a quick laugh.

"That's good reasoning," he said, "and very pleasant reasoning too. It is doubly pleasant to me, because I have not had the blessed opportunity of meeting young ladies of my tongue and color for many dreary months."

"Then you are fond of little girls?"

He laughed again.

"In the dim half light, and because of my desire to appear neither rude nor inquisitive," he said, "I took no note of your age. It wouldn't have been gallant if I had. Besides, your years are not so very noticeable."

"I've had twenty of them," she said, "and that's quite the extreme for little girls whose careless guardians permit them to travel alone. But of course, you will understand that my good uncle saw me off in my own section of the sleeper, with my through ticket sewed into my little pinafore, and enough pennies in my little mitten to buy peanuts on the way."

They both laughed at this, and the girl, as if throwing aside her reserve, tossed the veil back from her face and pinned it against her hat. The man looked up at this movement and his eyes brightened. She certainly was a very pretty girl.

"Well, we must both make the best of it," he said. "It will be harder for you," he added, "because I have been using that philosophical advice most of my life. In other words I'm accustomed to roughing it."

The girl looked at him earnestly.

"It seems to me," she said, "that I have met you before—or at least seen you."

"I am quite sure I should remember it," he said.

"I think," she said, "that merely as a mark of good faith you should tell me your name."

"Certainly," he answered. "It is Edward Cameron."

"Capt. Edward Cameron," she murmured, "recently of the Philippines."

"How do you know that?" he asked quickly.

"Capt. Edward Cameron," she repeated, "who did something fine at Barscoa, and rescued somebody at Balanco, and starved and fought through the swamps on the Olanbu coast."

A dull red surged into the man's cheeks.

"Where did you hear all that nonsense?" he quickly asked.

"For a mere child I have a great taste for reading," she laughingly replied.

"You are too precocious," he said, "I admit that my name is Edward Cameron, that I was in the Philippines—but I plead guilty to nothing else. I am on my way to my old home after a three years' absence with a lot of unpleasant experience and just as little baggage as I can well carry." He touched the valise at his feet. "A tough bag and a precious magazine rifle. And now that I have given you all these interesting personal details it seems to me it would only be fair for you to be equally frank."

She shook her head.

"No," she laughingly said, "that isn't at all necessary. I haven't done any of these fine things, you know."

He frowned.

"You mustn't regard me as a—well, as a fighting man," he said. "There isn't any fight in me. If there ever was any it was scorched out by the sun and the fever. I'm going home to rest and loaf, and I mean to get my courage back if I can. I want you to forget all these exaggerated fairy tales and look upon me as a sensible man who would run away very fast when danger threatened."

The girl looked into his face and laughed.

"There must be two Edward Camerons," she said with a merry twinkle in her eyes.

The man leaned back listlessly. She saw that his face was thin and pale. He looked at her with half closed eyes.

"If there ever was another Edward Cameron," he said, "he has passed away and will be heard of no more."

There was a wild shriek from the locomotive. The train slackened speed and they were pitched forward a little. They could hear the wheels grinding as they straightened up, and the couplings complaining. And then as the train came to a stop they heard the sharp crack of a half dozen pistol shots fired in rapid succession.

There was a moment's silence in the car. Then some one cried "Train robbers!" and all was confusion. The half awakened passengers roused up and there was bustle, and lamentations, and even oaths.

The girl turned quickly to the man. He was peering through the car window. Then came another pistol shot and another.

"You will not be frightened if I leave you for a few minutes?" he quietly said. "I will not be far away, and I am sure no harm will come to you. Perhaps I can be of some assistance outside." He was fumbling with the straps of the thick leather case as he spoke, and when he arose a steel barrel glistened in his hands, a steel barrel that he quickly thrust beneath his coat.

"No," the girl replied. "I will not be afraid. Go if you can help—and come back soon."

He gave her a quick smile and hurrying down the aisle, disappeared through the rear door.

The girl, with her face close to the pane, looked out into the darkness. She could just catch the blurred outlines of the bushes along the track and that was all.

It was very quiet. Then a hoarse voice shouted something unintelligible and a pistol cracked. It was followed by a louder report and a wild shriek. More pistols cracked and many hoarse voices were shouting, and then all was still again.

Presently the girl looked around and saw the man coming up the aisle. There were others who saw him, too.

"You can come back old fellow," cried one facetious passenger. "Guess the danger's over."

"Glad of that," said the stranger.

"Where've you been?" cried another passenger. "Riding on the back platform?"

"Not far from it," replied the stranger with a good-natured laugh.

He took the seat by the girl.

"Well," he softly said, "you are all right, aren't you?"

"I'm all right," said the girl.

He was panting a little as he stooped and drawing the shining barrel from beneath his coat replaced it in the leather case.

"I didn't stay any longer than seemed necessary," he said.

"I knew you wouldn't" she murmured.

"And you were not badly frightened?"

She shook her head and he looked at her admiringly.

"That's fine," he said.

And just then the forward door flew open and the conductor appeared. He paused in the aisle.

"I suppose you all know that the train has been held up?" he cried in a loud voice. "There were four of them and they built a fire on the track and shot the engineer. They were after the stuff in the express car and would have blown it up with the messenger in it when something curious happened. They had the dynamite ready and had just shot a brakeman who got in the way, when somebody—we dunno just who it was—began shooting at them. He must have had a Springfield repeater or something because he pumped in a half dozen or more shots, and when the smoke cleared away, three of the robbers were on the ground and the fourth had run away. The fellow with the repeater had disappeared, too. We were afraid the robbers might have shot him, they banged away at him pretty lively a minute or two, but we couldn't find any trace of him. He'll turn up all right, I guess. We've got the engineer and brakeman and the three wounded robbers in a baggage car, and the train will start in a few minutes."

A gratified cheer greeted the conductor's statement, and that smiling official withdrew.

"Captain Cameron," said the girl softly. "I think I will tell you my name now."

"Just as you like," he said.

"I am Millicent Grant."

"Millicent Grant," he repeated. "Millicent—not my sister Laura's friend of whom she is always writing?"

The girl nodded. "Why, this is fine! I feel as if I have known you for some time."

"And yet," said the girl, "you disputed the fact that I knew you."

"Ah, that's where you learned those interesting particulars," he cried. "It was from Laura, the little exaggerator."

"I have always found her very truthful," said the girl. "But you haven't asked me where I am going?"

"May I?"

"You are too late. I am on my way to visit Laura. She wanted me to be there when you came home."

"What luck!" cried the captain. "Then I can take charge of you without any further misgivings?"

"You can," replied the girl. "Uncle Bateman will meet me at the station tomorrow to see that I am all right and he can officially transfer me to you. He'll be especially glad to meet the train because of the attempted robbery. He's superintendent of this division you know."

The captain turned and looked at the girl.

"See here, you precocious child," he said. "I am going to ask you to promise me something. I don't know what you suspect about this robbery business, but if your suspicions implicate me in any way with it, I want you to promise here and now that you will not say a word about it. Please promise."

The girl slightly yawned.

"I'll promise not to say a word," she said.

"Thank you."

He looked at his watch.

"Past 12," he said. "You'll have six hours' sleep. Let me try to make you comfortable."

The train reached the city a half hour late and Superintendent Bateman was anxiously awaiting its arrival. He bustled into the car and spied Millicent in a moment.

"Glad to see you, my dear," he cried. "Not badly frightened, were you?"

"No, uncle," she answered. "I wasn't alone, you see. This is Captain Cameron, on his way home from the Philippines. He's my friend Laura's brother, you know."

The two men shook hands.

"A good many of us have heard something about Captain Cameron," said the superintendent. "And now what can you two people tell me concerning this train robbery? It looks as if the gang was broken up for good and all, thank heaven. And the conductor says there is some mystery about it. Nobody seems to know who the modest hero is." The girl looked up at him innocently.

"People can't say anything about it when they have promised not to speak, can they?" she asked in her most childish way.

"What! Then you know something?" The captain gave the girl a sharp glance, but she avoided it.

"If I know anything I've promised not to say a word about it."

Her uncle leaned toward her.

"Come, Millie," he said in his most wheedling tones, "if you know anything about this matter you also know that it is important for me to know it, too. Who is this man who risked his life to break up that gang of scoundrels?"

The captain gave the girl an imploring glance, but she did not heed it. Putting a finger to her lips she pointed to the leather covered case on the car floor.

The superintendent looked down.

"Eh, what's this?" he cried. "A gun case! Where's the owner?"

He looked at Cameron and then turned to the girl. With one finger still across her lips she was pointing straight at the captain.

"Of course," cried the superintendent; "the very man to do it!" And he seized the captain's hand and wrung it warmly. "I can't tell you, sir, how much we feel indebted to you!"

The captain flushed, and troubled, looked at the girl.

"You promised not to tell," he said, reproachfully.

"I promised not to say a word," she demurely answered.

"You are altogether too precocious," he laughed.

And then they all laughed together.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. Reed on Tariff and Trusts.

In an article contributed to the "North American Review" for December the late Thomas B. Reed adds materially to the sum of human knowledge and assists greatly toward a clearer understanding of the Tariff and trust problem. No man who writes for publication surpassed Mr. Reed in the faculty of logical analysis and the plain presentment of facts and conclusions. Certainly no one succeeded better in the avoidance of the hysterical and the adherence to the same and level headed method. The spirit of prudence, moderation and conservatism ruled throughout. Mr. Reed was not a believer in quack remedies for a condition that calls for nothing more radical than patience and common sense. Trusts are with us. So have they always been in one form or another. It is only because we are more prosperous than ever before that the trusts are more numerous and bigger than ever before. Mr. Reed was of the opinion that the trust problem will solve itself; that those will survive which deserve to survive, and those will perish which deserve to perish; that legislation of any sort at present offers no solution of the problem.

Least of all, Tariff legislation. On this point Mr. Reed was most convincing. Tariff tinkering as a trust remedy could not possibly prove anything but mischievous and hurtful. He closed by saying:

We ought to let the Tariff alone; we ought to defend it against all comers for the good of the nation. We are doing more than well and need not hunt for disaster. That will come in due time.

The surest way to hasten disaster is to tinker the Tariff in any way or in any form whatsoever, whether by direct legislative action, by swapping trade privileges, or by the creation of a Tariff commission. All these are good things—if left alone.

An Artist Through Fire.

It was the Chicago fire that made Timothy Cole a wood-engraver—to-day at the head of living wood-engravers—In his younger days the lad's devotion was divided between his violin and his gr ver's tool; and the elder Cole, an Englishman of more than ordinary intelligence and culture, left his son to work out his own salvation. The Chicago fire, with its other havoc, made ashes of the gifted youth's precious violin; and the weight of these ashes turned the scale in favor of wood-engraving.

Wigwam Wisdom.

The coward shoots with shut eyes.

No Indian ever sold his daughter for a name.

Young Courage and Old Caution make a strong pair.

Before the pale face came there was no poison in the Indian's corn.

There is no cure for the Firewater's burn.

Small things talk loud to the Indian's eye.

When the fox walks lame the old rabbit jumps.

The Paleface's arm is longer than his word.

A squaw's tongue runs faster than the wind's legs.

If the Indian could lie like the Paleface he would rule the earth.

There is nothing so eloquent as a rattle snake's tail.

The Indian scalps his enemy; the Paleface skins his friend.

The Indian takes his dog to heaven; the Paleface sends his brother to hell.

There will be hungry Palefaces so long as there is any Indian land to swallow.

When a man plays one day and steals six the Great Spirit thunders and the Evil One laughs.

The wigwam is plenty strong enough for the Indian's jail.

A starving man will eat with the wolf.

There are three things it takes a strong man to hold; a young warrior, a wild horse, and a handsome squaw.

The Moon Kept on Shining.

A certain well known judge was once violently attacked by a young and very impudent counsel. To the surprise of everybody, the judge heard him quite through, unconscious of what was said by those present and made no reply.

After the adjournment for the day and when all were assembled at the hotel where the judge and many of the court folks had their refreshments, one of the company asked the judge why he did not rebuke the impertinent fellow.

"Permit me," said the judge loud enough to attract the attention of the whole company among whom was the barrister in question—"permit me to tell you a story. My father, when we lived in the country, had a dog, a mere puppy, I may say. Well, this puppy would go out every moonlight night and bark at the moon for hours together."

The judge paused as if he had finished.

"Well, what of it?" exclaimed half a dozen in the audience at once.

"Oh, nothing—nothing, but the moon kept shining on, just as if nothing had happened."

A Haughty Barber.

It was a barber who had long served on the cracks of an Atlantic liner whose saloon was visited by one of the owners. The indications of the general notion trade done by this barber were set out with a skill that would have put an Oxford street window dresser to the blush. "I don't quite like this," said the owner. "This is a ship, not a store," and then jokingly added, "I think I shall have to make a change." "I wouldn't do that if I were you," retorted the barber. "I've been with you now for 15 years, and if you dismiss me I'll start an opposition line right away."—Marine Journal.

Must Have Caught.

He—I never saw anything like this tide. Here I've been pulling steadily for ten minutes, and we don't seem to have moved a foot.

She (after a pause)—Oh, Mr. Strokes, I've just thought of something! The anchor fell overboard a short time ago and I forgot to tell you. Do you suppose it could have caught on something?—Washington Times.

Probably.

"I wonder what makes it so warm in here?" asked the young bride, as they journeyed toward Niagara.

"Perhaps it is because we are passing near a mountain range," chuckled the young man by her side.—Chicago News.

Taste.

"He is a great lover of our modern scenery, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes. He always picks out the most attractive advertisements."—New York Herald.

Reassured.

He. And you say Miss Sittout is your friend? Well, I hope you don't flirt as she does.

She. Oh, indeed I don't. I think her way is horrid!—Town and Country.

"Gimme one," remarked the sad-eyed man, as he laid five cents down on the counter in the kitchen furnishing house and picked up a coffee pot.

"Come again," replied the slangy clerk. "Those pots are sixty-nine cents."

"Sixty nine cents?" repeated the sad-eyed man. "Then you want to get after your promoter of publicity who writes your signs. The one in the window says, 'New line of nickel coffee pots.' I thought you were having a bargain sale."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Teacher—Now Johnny what do we learn from the parable of the prodigal son?

Johnny—Why-er-I s'pose it teaches us not to be a calf.—Exchange.

Lake Superior is the deepest of the great lakes. It's greatest depth is 1003 feet and the lake is 601 feet above the level of the sea.

The silken thread is spun from two orifices in the nose of the silkworm, the two threads being united by a gelatinous substance.

The gourd rattle, used among the Zunis of New Mexico, is made of gourd with a wooden handle, a few pebles being placed inside.

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ON and after Nov. 3, 1902, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, TERMINAL STATION, week days, 6.54, 8.15, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.13, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. Return 6.42, 8.51, 10.51 a. m., 12.44, 2.54, 6.54, 4.54, 6.00, 6.54 p. m. MIDDLETOWN and PORTSMOUTH, 6.54, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE (flag stop), 6.54, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. TIVERTON, FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, 6.54, 8.15, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.13, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. MIDDLEBORO, 8.15, 11.00 a. m., 3.13 p. m. HYANNIS, 8.15, 11.00 a. m., 3.13 p. m. PROVINCETOWN, 8.15 p. m. PLYMOUTH, 11.00 a. m., 3.13 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 8.15, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.13, 5.00 p. m. FITCHBURG and stations on Northern Division, 8.15, 11.00 a. m., 3.13, 9.13 p. m. LOWELL, 11.00 a. m. and 3.13 p. m. COTTAGE CITY, 11.00 a. m. PROVIDENCE, 6.54, 8.15, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.13, 5.00, 9.13 p. m.

SUNDAYS, for Boston, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. Return 6.27, 8.51 a. m., 12.54, 5.28 p. m. For PROVIDENCE, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. For BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. For Middletown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village, and Taunton, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.13 p. m. New Bedford, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 9.00 p. m.

aBoat from Fall River.

bBradford only.

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C. PETER CLARK, Gen'l Sup't., Boston.

Newport & Wickford

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.

THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

In effect November, 1902.

Leave

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Newport	*10 00	*1 15	*1 05	*2 00
Providence, ar	11 50	3 18	6 50	9 50
Boston, ar	1 18	1 30	7 00	11 00
New York	4 20	6 58	11 00	B
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Leave

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
New York	*12 02	*8 00	*10 02	*1 02
Boston	—	10 03	1 03	8 00
Prov.	—	11 12	2 10	4 15
Newp't arr	8 33	1 00	4 00	0 10
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

*Daily except Sundays.

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LEAVE NEWPORT—Week days only, at 9.15 p. m. Returning from New York Steamers leave Pier 19, North River, foot of Warren St., week days only, at 5.30 p. m., due at Newport 2.15 a. m., leaving there at 3.15 a. m., for Fall River.

For tickets and staterooms apply at New York & Boston Despatch Express office, 272 Thames street, J. L. Greene, Ticket Agent.

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Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company.

LEAVE NEWPORT FOR

PROVIDENCE

Week days only, 8 a. m. Leave Providence for Newport, week days only, 1 p. m.

Excursion Tickets, to Providence and Return, 60 cents.

Stop at Prudence Mondays and Saturdays only; stop at Conanicut Mondays only.

B. BUFFUM, Supt. Transportation.

ARTHUR H. WATSON, President.

Old Colony Street Railway Co.

"Newport & Fall River Division."

TIME TABLE.

In effect on and after October 20.

WEEK DAYS.

LEAVE NEWPORT—7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, b10.15, b11.15 p.m.

LEAVE FALL RIVER—a6.30, 6.45, 7.45, 8.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, b7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 9.15, b10.15 p. m.

SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS.

Leave Newport—7.15, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, b10.15, b10.45, b11.15 p.m.

Leave Fall River—7.15, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, b10.15, b10.45, b11.15 p. m.

a To Portsmouth and return.

b To Portsmouth only.

Running time between City Hall, Fall River, and Market Square, Providence, via the new highway trolley line is one hour and twenty minutes. Connection is made at City Hall, Fall River.

Farmers & Gardeners Attention!

GARDEN SEED.

The large increase from year to year in this department has proven that the

H. C. ANTHONY'S SEEDS.

are reliable. They have been tested and have proven first quality in every respect. This talk about local grown seed not being good has been worn thread bare. Some kinds of seeds grown on this island are of the very best, but all kinds of seeds that are planted to raise seeds from, cannot be raised successfully in one locality. This is one of the reasons why Mr. Anthony's seeds are of the best. What seeds our soil is adapted to are raised here; the others are raised by him in other localities.

None are better.

For sale by

Fernando Barker,

BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

Nasal CATARRH

CATARRH.

In all its stages.

COLD IN HEAD

Ely's Cream Balm

cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

The Greek after exercising always annointed their bodies with perfumed oil, sometimes performing this annointing three or four times a day.

Do your Children ask QUESTIONS?

Of course they do. It is their way of learning and it is your duty to answer. You may need a dictionary to aid you. It won't answer every question, but there are thousands to which it will give you true, clear and definite answers, not about words only, but about things, the sun, machinery, men, places, stories and the like. Then, too, the children can find their own answers. Some of our greatest men have ascribed their power to study of the dictionary.

Of course you want the best dictionary. The most critical prefer the New and Enlarged Edition of

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

If you have any questions about it write us.

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Grilling, Boiling, Roasting, Laundry

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Bath Purposes, Tailors' Uses,

FOR SALE, RENT OR TRIAL.

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At Lowest Rate--Strong Companies.

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Real Estate and Fire Insurance.

28 Bellevue Avenue.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Broadway, 9th & 10th Sts.,

New York, July 24, 1899

Gentlemen:

Being associated for so many years with the above Firm and being closely confined brought on constipation. A package of your Tablets has cured me and I take great pleasure in recommending them to those who are affected in a similar way.

Yours truly,

C. W. Eastwood.

To the U. S. Army & Navy Tablet Co.,

17 East 14th St., N. Y. City.

10 and 25 cents per package, at all druggists.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,

Contractor

—AND—

BUILDER

OF MASON WORK,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Filling, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.

Orders left at

Calendar Avenue.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.

MIDY

Sold by all Druggists.

NEWPORT

Transfer Express Co.

TRUCKERS

—AND—

General Forwarders.

Heavy Trucking a Specialty.

Estimates Given on any Kind of Carting.

Accessible by Telephone at any and all hours

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 30 Bellevue Avenue.

BRANCH OFFICES, 272 Thames Street and New York Freight Depot.

Telephone 371-2.

Young Grant's Colt.

When Ulysses S. Grant was a small boy living in Georgetown, O., he wanted, like most boys, to own a horse, and one particular colt belonging to a man named Ralston he wished especially to have. To indulge the boy's taste and buy the colt his father offered Mr. Ralston $20, but the owner valued the colt at $25 and refused the offer, taking the animal home with him.

As the hours passed after the little horse had trotted away with its owner, Ulysses' disappointment and eagerness for possession increased, and he finally begged his father to pay the $25 demanded. His father said that $20 was all the animal was worth, but since Ulysses desired it so much he might go to Mr. Ralston and offer $20 again. If, his father added, he could not buy it for $20, he might offer $22.50, and if the owner would not let it go for $22.50 he might, in order to obtain it, give $25.

Ulysses therefore mounted a horse and set out for Mr. Ralston's. He was at that time probably about eight years old.

When he found the owner, he told him, "Papa says I may offer you $20 for the colt, but if you won't take that to offer you $22.50, and if you won't take that to give you $25."

The eagerness of the boy to gain the horse could not brook any barrier. It is needless to say that he paid $25 and led the animal home.

Grant said, in writing his memoirs, that the story of this purchase of his got out in the village and it was long before he heard the last of it. The schoolboys delighted in teasing him about it, schoolboys are very often little barbarians for tormenting one another, and they did not let Ulysses forget this one instance when he was behind the rest in cleverness.

He kept the horse for several years and finally sold it for $20, the poor animal becoming blind. Later he found it taken from the road and working the tread wheel of a ferryboat which plied between the Ohio and Kentucky banks of the Ohio river.

Virchow Willing to Wait.

A young physician, a graduate of the Berlin University of Medicine, and who was a student there during the time that the late Prof. Virchow held a chair of the faculty, tells this story of the great pathologist:

Prof. Virchow had accepted the invitation of the surgeons of a Leipsic hospital to be present a very unusual and difficult operation. All was ready in the operating room. The surgeons, instruments in hand, were awaiting the arrival of the patient in the operating room, when a nurse informed them that the patient was being "shriven" by the hospital priest and would not be ready for several minutes. Upon receipt of this message the doctors used impatient language and apologized profusely to the professor for the delay. One of them even went so far as to say that he would wait no longer, but should demand the patient at once, "shriven or unshriven." This was accompanied with irreverent humor.

The great pathologist, who, though not a religionist, always respected the religious beliefs of his patients, said: "Gentlemen, be patient; put down your instruments; the priest knows you all better than I, and has undoubtedly discovered the fact that the longer he prays the longer the patient lives."

Millions From Cottonseed.

One of the romances of the census is the story of the cottonseed oil and the millions of dollars it yields annually, where a few years ago the seed was a nuisance, outlawed by the States of the cotton belt. In the Mississippi laws of 1857 was one imposing a fine of $20 for every day that cottonseed was left around a ginhouse to menace public health.

In 1870 a process for extracting oil from cotton seed had been discovered, and a product worth $14,000 was realized. What was deemed a nuisance in 1857 continued to prove valuable, through invention, until in the census year of 1900 it gave a return to the mill operators of over $42,411,000.

Cottonseed oil is used on the table, rivaling that of the olive and threatening to drive the latter from the market. The oil also enters into soap and butter making, says the New York Commercial, and is burned in miners' lamps. The hulls are used in making paper, fuel and fertilizer, while enormous quantities of the seed itself find a market as food for cattle.

Advice to Wives.

Max O'Rell, in his book, "Her Royal Highness, Woman," give this advice to wives; "To rule your husband, my dear lady, do exactly as you please but always pretend you do as he pleases. That is where your ability comes in. Men are ruled, as children are, by the prospect of a reward. The reward of your husband is your amiability, your sweetness, your devotion and your beauty, of which you should take constant care.

"Always let him suppose that it is for him that you wish to remain beautiful. The woman who believes she is asserting her independence every time she puts on a hat particularly displeasing to her husband is as clever and intelligent as the Irishman who buys a round-trip ticket at a railroad office and on entering the car remarks to the passengers 'I have played a good joke on the company. I have bought a return ticket but I don't mean to come back.'"

A story is told of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan that one day, when coming back from shooting, with an empty bag, he did not like to go home completely empty, and, seeing a number of ducks in a pond and a man or farmer leaning on a rail watching him, Sheridan said: "What will you take for a shot at the ducks?" "Well," he said, "I will take half a sovereign." "Done!" said Sheridan, and he fired into the middle of the flock, killing a dozen. "I am afraid you made a bad bargain." "Well, I don't know," said the man; "they weren't mine."

Mrs. Hanson—I understand, sir, that you have secretly been making love to my daughter, and I must forbid an acquaintance begun in that way. You should have seen me first.

Shrewd Suitor—Madame, had I seen you first I should have forgotten your daughter and fallen in love with you.

Mrs. Hanson—Er—the informality of the proceeding was all I objected to. Come with me and I will introduce you to my husband.

It is supposed to abolish the "shoulder arms" and present arms' movements in the French army, owing to the time wasted in teaching the men to do them properly. The present salute would be exchanged for a more simplified movements.

Profited by Waterloo.

There is probably no more picturesque and unique bit of financiering in history than that by which Nathan Rothschild made $6,000,000 as a result of the battle of Waterloo. The story is told by Henry Clews in his book, "Twenty-eight Years in Wall Street." Rothschild had followed Wellington during his campaign against Napoleon, and at Waterloo the "man of money" sat like a soldier in a shower of rain and bullets, watching the battle. As soon as he observed the arrival of Blucher and the rout of the French, Rothschild set spurs to his horse and rode swiftly to Brussels. A carriage whirled him to Ostend, and the next morning he was at the Belgian coast. The sea was so rough that he had to pay $500 to a boatman to carry him across the channel, and he landed at Dover in the evening. The next morning he was in London before the opening of the Stock Exchange. It was known that he had come direct from Wellington, and must have the latest news. He had outstripped all the couriers and messengers of the nation. There was no telegraph then. In answer to the anxious inquiries for the news of Wellington, Rothschild discreetly said nothing of the battle of Waterloo.

Instead, he sighed, and told of Blucher's previous defeat at Ligny, and said that as a result there could be little hope for Wellington. The gloomy report caused a panic on the exchange, and when the market had reached the bottom Nathan Rothschild bought everything that he could find money for —all being done quietly through his brokers. Then came the news of the battle of Waterloo, England's victory, the final defeat of Napoleon. Securities of all kinds went up with a rush, and Nathan Rothschild, being well stocked at small cost, made great profits—about $6,000,000. He was one of the five sons of the original Mayer Anselm Rothschild, who began his career in a little money-loaning shop in Frankfort, Germany, and founded the richest family in the world.—Leslie's Weekly.

Neglect of Manners.

As with other abuse that threatens the comfort of the community, home training is largely responsible for the numerous presence of the selfish, ungrateful individual, the cormorant of society. Many parents inculcate selfishness and an astute weighing of services rendered from outside. Thus the children learn early that their teachers devoted care is "paid for," the seats they occupy in cars and must not yield to any claim of age or sex are "paid for," the houses they inhabit and wreck "are paid for," favors are rendered for ulterior motives, etc., says M. A. O'Sullivan in Donohue's Magazine.

Thus the course of instruction is continued, until retribution not infrequently overtakes the instructors, they becoming in turn victims of the too commercial training they imparted.

The writer has in mind the mother of three sons, who gave to her children the most unceasing care, and who in her old age subsists upon the pittance grudgingly contributed by them forced from them by the law. Nor is the case a solitary one.

"What is there in it for me?" is the leading question of the day, and a capacity for "working" people is a passport to success. Instead of a gratitude and courtesy, many young people cultivate a brand of politeness that expresses itself in "Thanks awfully," "Thanks very much," "Paw-dohn me," and other conventional forms equally indicative of gentility of birth and breeding.

There is grave reason to fear that they are taking an "elective" course in manners, carefully eliminating the essentials.

He Loves Dolls.

An English paper tells of a dog in Birmingham that is devoted to dolls. The owner of the dog had a little daughter who taught the dog to carry her doll. The dog became so fond of the doll that he would snatch it and carry it to his kennel, and lie down beside it. The children of the neighborhood thought this was fun and would ask the dog's owners, "Please may your dog come and take my doll for a walk?" Alas! Now the dog snatches dolls from the little owners, and runs off to his kennel. He never harms them, carrying them by their clothes. One day he brought four dolls home. He is no longer a favorite. His reputation as a friend of the children is gone. He does not wait to be asked to take the dolls for a walk. He runs off with them without the owner's consent.—Ex.

The Soup.

Daintleigh (at the boarding house)—Beg pardon, Mrs. Skinner, but isn't this the same soup we had yesterday, warmed over?

Mrs. Skinner. No sir. It is what was left over from yesterday.—Boston Transcript.

"Here Maria, is your last month's bill from Smith's. What's all this ditto you've been gettin' every other day?"

"Ditto? I never heard o' such a thing—haven't even bought the thing once, much less half a dozen times!" said Maria indignantly.

"Well, well, all right, then. I'll jus' go down and ask the fellow what he means by charging you up with a lot o' things you never got."

On his return Maria greeted her husband at the front door with an anxious face.

"Well," she began, "what did you find out about it?"

Her bigger half looked at her a moment and a smile of supreme disgust settled on his face.

"I found out," said he slowly, "that I am a fool and you are a ditto."—N. Y. Times.

General James Grant Wilson told this story the other night as one of general Grant's favorites:

"It was at the battle of Shiloh. There was in the ranks a tall, finely built volunteer from Ohio. It was the first time he had seen active service. When he heard the roar of shells and saw his comrades falling he lost courage, dropped his gun and started for the rear.

"'Here!' thundered the general in command, 'what are you running for?'

"The man turned his head and shouted back, 'Because I can't fly, you darned fool!'"—Public Ledger.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of [signature] The Kind You Have Always Bought
Stops the Cough and works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Reciprocity With a Club.

That purpose attributed to one or two "jingo" members of the Canadian Cabinet of forcing the United States into reciprocity by a prohibitive rise in Canadian Tariff rates seems to have miscarried. It is announced from Ottawa that the leader in this coercive movement has himself been coerced into resigning his portfolio. Sir Wilfrid Laurier demanded the resignation of the overzealous Minister, and when it came he promptly accepted it.

So there will be no reciprocity with a club just yet, some of our Boston newspapers and politicians to the contrary notwithstanding. It is well for the real interests of true reciprocity that this is so. Those persons in Boston and elsewhere who have been proclaiming that if we did not grant reciprocity to Canada she would do something terrible to us have, without dreaming of it, dealt a serious blow to the cause which they profess to advocate. The American people and their Government are the very last people and Government in the world that can be coerced or stampeded. They can be persuaded in a frank and honest fashion to do almost anything that is right, but they cannot be frightened.

The first gun of a Tariff war by Canada on the United States would put an end to reciprocity for ver. It would mean the political death and burial of every public man and every newspaper that dared to champion it on this side of the line. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is statesman enough to know it. It is full time that the same truth began to dawn among some of our headlong champions of reciprocity here in Boston. It is a good cause, in the main, but it is handicapped by the support of some of those unfortunate persons whose advocacy of a measure seems to be absolutely lethal.—Boston Journal.

Facts About New New York.

New York is the greatest city on this side of the world in population, wealth, architecture, commerce, manufactures and transit facilities.

It is laying 82 miles of tracks underground.

The Metropolitan Street Railway carried a million passengers a day.

The 62 miles of elevated road carry 225,000,000 people a year.

Local improvements, public and private, actually planned and in progress will cost $350,000,000.

Ground is worth in the market as high as $400 a square foot.

New York spends five times as much as London to maintain parks and open spaces and four times as much as London for public improvements in general.

One hundred thousand visitors are in the city every day.

The Stock Exchange sells 231,000,000 shares every year.

Newspaper readers pick up 1,000 tons of white paper every day.

Every night between $75,000 and $100,000 is spent at places of entertainment.

The postoffice handles 650,000 pounds of mail matter daily.

Nine new private residences now building average in cost over $1,500,000 each.

A single Broadway business building is costing nearly $6,000,000.

The new public library will cost $5,000,000. The Carnegie libraries will cost $5,000,000 more.

Six million were appropriated this year for school buildings and school sites.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine is estimated to cost $16,000,000.

An Odd Seesaw.

"With the decrease among men of tobacco chewing, there has been a corresponding increase in candy eating," said a physician the other day, to a Philadelphia Record reporter. "The thing that has done most to abolish the former habit is the very stern law against spitting that now prevails, but what has made the latter habit so widespread I'm sure I don't know.

"A tobacconist told me the other day that twenty years ago millionaires, clergymen, cotillon leaders—any one who cared to—chewed tobacco, and nothing was thought of it. He said that the satire of Dickens upon our tobacco-eating citizens was not, after all, ill-timed. But today few men chew. Today the manufacture and the sale of chewing tobacco is dying off steadily, year by year.

"But the candy habit is increasing. There is hardly a married man anywhere who does not love bonbons and chocolates. These men acquire the habit from their wives, and it grows on them. I know of a merchant, a broker, and a lawyer who send their office boys out almost every morning for a pound of chocolates, and these chocolates they will eat in the course of a day.

"I know of one man who ate 500 pounds of candy in a year, and of two others who each ate 200 pounds in the same length of time.

"The candy habit is bad for the teeth; the tobacco habit is bad for the heart. Of the two, I would rather be a victim of the former, than the latter."

Uncle Sam's Flag Stamp.

Uncle Sam is to supply his patrons with a new issue of postage stamps with the American flag as a background. It is said that he has been frequently petitioned to work the red, white and blue into the postage stamps so that his colors would be better known in every nook and corner of the earth.

The American flag has not been used as a design on postage stamps since 1869 and in that year it was used on 30 cent stamps, a denomination seldom seen. Its not more general use is said to be due to the mechanical difficulty of stamping a perfect reproduction of the flag.

On the new stamp the likeness of Washington, taken from Gilbert Stuart's famous painting, will form the central oval, giving place to the likeness of Washington on the present stamp, which is Houdon's profile of Washington. The Stuart design has not been used since 1847, when it was on 10 cent stamps. The central oval in the new stamp is smaller than in the current issue. Above the oval in a panel will be the inscription, "United States of America." The American flag draped will be for about two-thirds of the length of the stamp on either side, the oval appearing to rest in it. Below the bust will appear the name Washington and in small figures in each corner the dates of his birth and death.

The flag design on postage stamps is often met with on those from republics, but seldom on those from monarchies.

The Japanese have an instrument called the biwa, a sort of mandolin, with a very short handle. It is played with plectrum and has four strings.

Money That Wouldn't Go.

"You would not believe that cleanliness could be a positive business drawback, would you?" asked the man in a Detroit bank. "I had to come in here just now to get rid of some clean money—'filthy lucre' is the only popular variety. Yesterday I had a pocketful of silver money, mostly dollars, and looking them over I decided that they are too soiled to be pleasant; so, in the evening, at home, my wife got out her ammonia bottle, and we rubbed and polished them all to a bright and beautiful condition. I gave some to her, and put the rest back into my pocket.

"Well, sir, during the day we both had the same experience with the clean money. The butcher and the baker objected to taking it from my wife. They said it might be all right, but it looked too bright to suit them—it looked exactly like counterfeit money. She explained that we had cleaned the dollars with ammonia, but as they still seemed dubious about accepting the shining metal, she paid her bills with paper dollars, and came home very indignant.

"On the street cars, the conductor to whom I gave a bright dollar tendered it back to me, saying he had to be very particular, and didn't like the looks of the coin. I had forgotten that it had been cleaned; but I found a soiled half dollar in my pocket, which he briskly accepted, and changed for me. At the cigar shop the young man looked at my new dollar, rang it on the counter and said it sounded all right but that the boss would take it out of his pay if it wasn't good, so he guessed I'd better keep it. The ticket man at the car station served me the same way, and I had to hunt up a dingy quarter for him.

"You don't wonder that I had to come to the bank to unload that clean money, do you? Bright coins won't always pass in this commercial world; it looks too good to be true."—Detroit Free Press.

A Blue Schooner.

Nothing blue for him. The following was clipped from a Portland paper recently:

"There is the first blue schooner that I ever saw in this harbor," said a sea captain this morning as he stood on the end of Portland pier and pointed down toward the breakwater where lay the three master, Donna T. Briggs.

"And," he continued, "that's what's making Portland harbor and Casco bay blue, and you can put it down that we won't have any settled weather until that craft gets out of here. No, sir, I don't recall that I ever saw here before a vessel with a blue hull. You see almost all seafaring men have their pet superstitions, and blue is one of the most pronounced of any of them. It isn't one captain in a hundred that will allow a particle of blue about his vessel. Once in a while you will see some blue hatch combings or a bit of blue striping here and there, but the color is strictly avoided if it is a possible thing to get anything else. I recall that once Capt. Eben Lewis of Boothbay harbor was about to take command of a schooner. It was a new vessel built along the coast somewhere and when he went to board her he found that the tops of the hatches were painted blue. He gave one look and then said to the owner: 'You can just paint those hatches over another color, or get a new master for your craft.' I remember another captain who was standing on the deck of his schooner when a crew was being put aboard. One of the men came up over the side and attempted to haul up a blue diddy box after him. 'Here you!' yelled the captain, 'you just leave that box on the wharf or leave yourself; blue diddy boxes don't go on this craft!' And the sailor had to go back up town and get a bag, which he packed with his belongings and left the unlucky box on the wharf."

Anxious Father—Do the best you can for him, doctor. That is all I can ask. It is the will of Providence—

Surgeon—Don't try to place the responsibility on Providence in this case, Mr. McJones. You bought the toy pistol for the boy yourself.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Fame is merely an entree; fortune is a feast.

Big Dinners.

Every day in this city thousands of persons eat too much at dinner, and, as a consequence, suffer from Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, &c. If these will take just one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after eating, they will be surprised by the entire absence of those unpleasant feelings which daily distress them, and may continue in their improper course of eating big dinners without fear. Only one little pill, remember.

Your conduct to others should form the measure of your own expectations.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

After using Ely's Cream Balm six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh.—Joseph Stewart, Grand Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Balm does not irritate or cause sneezing. Sold by druggists at 50 cts. or mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., New York.

They make one feel as though life was worth living. Take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills after eating; it will relieve dyspepsia, aid digestion, give tone and vigor to the system.

It's funny how even cold cash can burn a hole in a man's pockets.

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

Life would be very monotonous if there was nothing to kick about.

If you are nervous or dyspeptic try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Dyspepsia makes you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic; either one renders you miserable, and these little pills cure both.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of [signature] The Kind You Have Always Bought

Compliments are used a great deal to puff up dull people. Those honestly entitled to credit seldom get it.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of [signature] and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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A young recruit was set on sentry go and was, of course, new to his duty. A good natured comrade brought him a sandwich, and the recruit was about to eat it when the major appeared. As the officer was in mufti the sentry did not recognize him and did not salute. The major took in the situation and asked:

"What's that?"

"A sandwich," replied the recruit. "Have a bit?"

"Do you know who I am?" asked the major.

"Don't know you from a crow. Perhaps you're the major's coachy."

"No; I'm not."

"His groom perhaps?"

"No; try again."

"Perhaps the old chap himself?"

"Right this time," said the major.

"Oh, good gracious!" exclaimed the frightened sentry. "Hold the sandwich while I present arms?"

A million dollars a week is the cost of the United States army.

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Bears the Signature of [signature] The Kind You Have Always Bought

Daily and Personally Conducted Excursions to Pacific Coast.

Chicago & North-Western Ry., comfortable and convenient means of travel in Pullman sleeping cars with agreeable company, in charge of experienced conductors who accompany each party all the way to San Francisco, Los Angeles or Portland. Choice of routes. Finest scenery. Low rate tickets and only $6.00 for double berth. Maps and information free on application to ticket agents or address J. E. Brittain, 368 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

11-1-9w

Now that "Uncle Joe" Cannon is so much in evidence as a leading candidate for the speakership they are digging up stories about the Danville statesman. Among others is that of how he arose in his place in congress on one occasion to make an extended speech. He began in this rather sententious fashion: "Mr. Speaker, I have lived long enough—" "Hear, hear," yelled a wicked democrat, and such a storm of laughter broke out, that Mr. Cannon was forced to take his seat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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If you have any idea of changing your location GO INTO THE NORTHWEST where life is worth living.

It is the coming empire of this country. Climate and elevation are found in great variety, and land will never be as low priced again as it is now. For farming, fruit raising and grazing no portion of our Country equals it. Irrigation makes the farmer independent where irrigation is practiced and the finest irrigable parts of our Country are in Montana and Washington. The towns and cities are all growing rapidly in the Northwest.

Let me know what you want and we will try to help you. There are all sorts of places and kinds of land in the Northwestern States through which the NORTHERN PACIFIC runs. Don't wait until it is too late to go.

Low Settlers' Rates are in effect during September and October. Write to me where you want to go and I will tell you what it will cost.

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Gen'l Pass. Agent, Northern Pacific Ry.,
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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.
Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1902.

NOTES.

BARBER, TANNER—The marriage of Thomas Barber to Avis Tanner, April 18, 1723, is found in a manuscript at South Kingstown, R. I. It was first thought that this Avis Tanner was daughter of William[2] Tanner, of North Kingstown, but that Avis married Charles Hunt and is named in her father's will made in 1757 as Avis Tanner, and later in a will made either by the mother or sister as Avis Hunt. So the Avis who married Thomas Barber in 1723 must have been of earlier birth. In the absence of other Tanners at that early date, and of records, the probability is that the Avis who married Barber was the daughter of William[1] Tanner of South Kingstown, and not of William[2] of North Kingstown. William[2] is supposed to be the son of William[1] of South Kingstown. The discovery of this earlier Avis makes this more likely, and in the absence of records in a very high degree probable, and seems to me to bind together the North and South Kingstown Tanners. I wrote some time ago that Avis Tanner who married Thomas Barber was the daughter of William[2] of North Kingstown, but I now see this is impossible; hence I write to correct that, and would say probably daughter of William[1] of South Kingstown.

The name Avis came from the Stanton family, and is so unusual that one would at once think that where the name is found there must be a kinship traced to Robert Stanton of Newport, whose daughter married Henry Tibbitts of North Kingstown. The daughter of Henry Tibbitts married a Tanner, as in his will he speaks of grandson William Tanner.

There is a singular absence of records in the case of William[1] Tanner, who appears to have been married three times if not four. The last marriage is mentioned in the same manuscript, William Tanner to Elizabeth Cottrell in 1728. All this is gathered out of old deeds, gifts, and a record which has come down in one branch of the family. —G. C. T.

GREENE, LAWTON—1. Daniel[2] Greene, son of John[1], of Quidnesset, born about 1658 or 1660, died in Kingstown, 1730. He married, July 18, 1689, Rebecca Barrow of Newport. Mentioned in his will wife Rebecca, children Daniel, Peleg, Jonathan, Rebecca and Rachel.

2. Peleg[3] Greene, born Aug. 9, 1690, married Dec. 8, 1715, Mary Pearce, and had Sarah, Peleg, Rebecca, George and Mary.

3. Peleg[4], born Sept. 12, 1718, [md. Phebe Dyer, dau. of Elisha?]. Children of Peleg and Phebe: 1. Elisha, b. 1744; Lydia (Lidye), b. 1745; Peleg, b. 1747; Mary, b. 1750; Phebe and Anne (twins) born 1752. Did Anne marry Edward Lawton? I do not find in my notes the marriage of Peleg and Phebe Dyer, only "chil of Peleg and Phebe," but their eldest child bore the name of Elisha, presumably for her father, Elisha Dyer.—L. B. C.

GREENE, LAWTON—I would like to thank L. B. C. for her notes, and say that the dates of birth of the children of Peleg and Phebe have been burned away from the North Kingstown records, and 1756 was an approximate date for Anne's birth.—E. M. T.

BOOMER—Will of Matthew Boomer, taken from Taunton Probate Records.

Will, Matthew Boomer, Vol. 10, P. 411. Administration granted to Joshua Boomer, Mar. 20, 1743-4. Abstract. Gives to well beloved wife Hannah, land lying between land already given to two sons, Caleb and Joshua. Also houses, etc. for her comfortable maintenance during life, except the northerly chamber in my new house, and the little room adjoining, and privilege of passing, etc. She also to have firewood; and firewood and supplies also reserved for daughter Lydia, in these rooms. Joshua has already received certain lands, and other lands at the decease of his mother and sister Lydia.

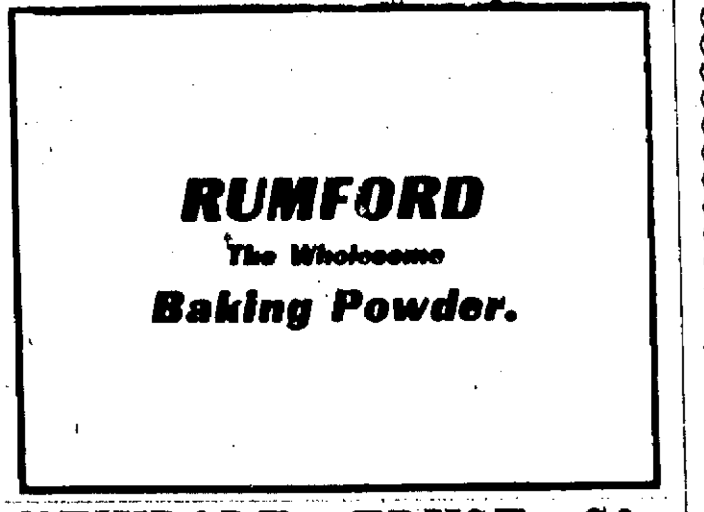
To three sons, Matthew, Caleb and Joshua, lands in Freetown, and in Westerly, R. I.

To five daughters, Lydia, Mercy, Deborah, Ruth and Mary. Bills and money to Joshua, he to pay 20 pounds to "daughter Lydia; to daughter "Mercy Luther," to daughter "Deborah Mason;" "to his sister Ruth Salsberry"; and "to Benjamin Jenks, the son of my daughter Hannah, 20 pounds, also shall pay Lydia Jenks 10 shillings, and to Joseph Jenks, 10 shillings, being the children of said Hannah Jenks, dec'd; also my grandson Matthew Luther, 5 pounds. "My daughter Mary Elsberry, has already received 20 pounds out of my estate." Will dated Oct. 8, 1732, proved Mar. 30, 1743-4.

Joshua Boomer probably never married, or left no wife or children.

Will, Feb. 1772. Joshua Boomer of Freetown. To brother Caleb, land I bought of Thomas Freelove, between Gershom Wodell and James Warren. To sister Mary Elsberry, 30 acre lot I bought of George York. I give to my cousins (evidently nieces) namely, Hannah and Martha Boomer, improvement of piece of land called Wheeler's meadows. He reserves a privilege for the persons to whom he gives the house, to fetch water. Also to the cousins, the north west chamber and firewood, as long as they live single, on condition that they do acquit their right in the land which their grandfather made to them.

I give to my two cousins, Elinor Luther and Lydia Dinsmore [?] that house and lot in Swansey. To Mercy Boomer half of house, [illegible] make up [illegible] her mother [illegible]. I give to my cousin Patience Boomer, the daughter of my cousin Mary Boomer, land etc. in Freetown; the homestead the land I bought of my cousin Benjamin Jenks, excepted. I give to Patience Boomer, and her heirs [illegible] forever, and the child [illegible] when



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her mother and two aunts have had their improvement; but if her grandmother should outlive her mother, then she must maintain her." "I give to each of the sons of my 8 dec'd sisters Mary Luther, Deborah Mason, and Ruth Salsbury, £5, and to each of the daughters of my said sisters, a silver spoon. I give and devise to my kinsman Benjamin Jenks all the rest" and he is Executor Proved—27, 1773. Witnessed Levi Wood, Phebe Mason, Russell Mason.—M. L. T. A.

QUERIES.

8672. FAIRBROTHER—Can any one tell me of the ancestry of William Zara Fairbrother, born 1845? He lived at one time in Rutland, Vt., but left home when a mere boy. He had a sister named Cecilia. Any clew will be appreciated.—C. F. H.

8673. GOBLE, GREENE—Abraham Goble was born in 1754 and served as a Revolutionary soldier. He married Lucy Greene, supposed to be a descendant of Gen. Nathaniel Greene. Her ancestry is desired. Many of the Goble family are buried in Newark, N. J.—J. J. B.

8674. HARRISON, SINGLETON—Information is desired of the descendants of Lucy Harrison, daughter of signer of Declaration of Independence, who married for her second husband, Anthony Singleton, of Williamsburg, capt. of artillery, in Rev. war. Nathaniel Donham (son of George), had by first wife four sons, by second wife Keziah Crosley, a daughter Mary (married Henry Lee), and sons, Abel, Robert, William, and Jonathan Singleton, born Feb. 18, 1788, in Penn., died 1856, near Richmond. Can any connection be established through the uncommon name of Singleton?—G. S. D.

8675. HAYWOOD, LOVET, HARE, CROOM, CASWELL, WILLIAMS, GASTON—John Haywood (1684-1758), resident of Edgecomb Co., N. C., married Mary Lovet. He was surveyor to Earl Granville (last Lord Proprietor of N. C.); was commissioner of coast fortifications for the colony, 1745; member of colonial assembly (1746-1752); treasurer of northern counties of the N. C. colony 1752.

His daughter, Elizabeth Haywood, married Jesse Hare, of the Hare family of Hertford Co., N. C.

Anna Hare, daughter of Jesse and Elizabeth (Haywood) Hare, married Richard Croom, member of the committee of safety from the New Bern district and major during the Revolution.

It has been a family tradition that Richard Croom was the son of Richard Croom and the grandson of Benjamin Williams who was born in N. C. 1754, died in Moore Co., N. C., 1814. He was twice governor of N. C. (1799-1802) (1807-1808); was captain, afterward colonel in the Revolution. Also that Richard Croom was the great-grandson of Richard Caswell, born in Maryland Aug. 3, 1729, died in Fayetteville Co., N. C., Nov. 20, 1789. Was major-general of New Bern district, and twice governor of N. C. 1777-79, 1784-87.

And also that Richard Croom was a near kinsman of William Gaston, born in New Bern, N. C., Sept. 19, 1778, died at Raleigh, Jan. 23, 1844, judge of the supreme court of N. C. from 1834 till his death.

Any information about the ancestors, descendants or deeds of John Haywood, Jesse Hare, Mary Lovett, Richard Caswell, Richard Croom, Benjamin Williams or William Gaston will be very much appreciated.—R. C. C.

8676. BROADWELL—Can I obtain information of the ancestry of Samuel Broadwell, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, born 1750, went to Kentucky about 1795? Had he or his father Revolutionary service?—M. K. P.

8677. BAKER—John[1] Baker came in 1687 to Boston; married Elizabeth——. Their children were Elizabeth[2], John[2], Thomas[2]. John[2] married Catherine Perkins, dau. of Rev. Wm., May 18, 1667. Children Elizabeth[3], b. 1670, John[3], William[3]. Can some one tell me whom these children married, or where I can find account of this family? I want to trace ancestry of Elizabeth Baker who married David[3] Peirce Jr., Oct. 31, 1754. He was born Jan. 14, 1726, resided in Swansea and Somerset Mass.; their children were Ebenezer, Obadiah, David, Lydia, Elizabeth, Patience and Martha Peirce.

Ancestry desired of Obadiah Baker, who married Patience Peirce, daughter of David[4] and Mary (Wood) Peirce (Ephraim[3], Ephraim[2], Capt. Michael[1]). She was born Oct. 10, 1720.—E. E. P.

8678. MANCHESTER, CHASE—Betsey Manchester md. Jan. 28, 1808, Eli Chase, son of Hiram Berry Chase. She was brought up in or near Providence, R. I. Will some one send me her ancestry. Their children were:

Isaac, b. 1827, md. Maria Coleman.
Seth, b. 1810, md. Polly Taylor.
Phebe, b. 1811, md. Sumner Phelps.
Whedon, b. 1813, md. Eliza White.
Nancy, b. 1815, md. Daniel Tanner.
Stephen, b. 1818, md. Olive Currier.
Eli S., b. 1820, md. Jane Dougherty.
Betsey, b. 1822, md. William Taylor.
Lydia, b. 1824, md. Martin Hixson.
—E. E. P.

8659. SAUNDERS, DAVIS, BARNEY—Jacob Saunders married Anne Barney, daughter of Capt. Joseph[3], Jacob[2], Jacob[1]. Would like names of their children, and of those whom they married. They had one son, Benjamin Saunders, who married Mary[5] Davis, daughter of Daniel[4] and Esther (Barney) Davis (Elisha[3], James[2], James[1]), of Haverhill, Mass., later of Swansea, Mass.—E. E. P.

8680. WHITE, BELLOWS—Elijah Bellows married first Lovica White, second Sarah Olney, April 1, 1821. Among their children were Quartus and Emeline Bellows, born in Bellows Falls, Vt., came afterward to Massachusetts or Rhode Island. Can some one give me any knowledge of this family? Was Albert J. Bellows of this family? He married Candace J. Brown, daughter of Capt. Daniel and Candace (Peirce) Brown.—E. E. P.

ANSWERS.

8526. FISH—The descendants of Stephen and Mary (Crogin) Fish. They had seven children,

1. John, b. May 3, 1687.
2. Ruth, b. Dec. 28, 1688.
3. Mary, b. Jan. 31, 1691.
4. Ebenezer, b. July 8, 1693.
5. Stephen, b. Dec. 15, 1695.
6. Nicholas, b. May 9, 1698.
7. Benjamin, b. Feb. 28, 1701.

John, son of Stephen and Mary (Crogin) Fish, was born in Reading, Mass., May 3, 1687. He married Mary Lewis in 1711.

Children were:

1. Mary, b. May 25, 1712.
2. John, Jr., b. June 30, 1715.
3. Stephen, b. Ap. 8, 1721.
4. Ruth, b. May 8, 1721.
5. Experience, b. Sept. 22, 1730.
6. Jacob, b. Jan. 15, 1731.

Stephen Fish[1] was my ancestor and John[2] also; you will see his line is given. Am quite sure you will find the marriage of Stephen's other children in the genealogical part of the history of Reading, Mass. I have a copy of the will of Stephen Fish also the Crogin will which I will send you if you wish. I am anxious to know who the ancestor of Stephen Fish was. Could it have been Thomas?—A. M. H.

XMAS WITCHERY

Has touched every corner of this great store. From basement to roof there's not an inch that doesn't fairly dance with Xmas merriment. As you enter Santa's little elves blink at you bewitchingly from their beauty beds of colored china or half hidden in their bowers of evergreen, play at hide-and-seek with the happy smiles that each gift-thought brings to your face.

Hermes and Venus and the other gods and goddesses have put aside their godlike dignity and joined hands with the jolly little picks-n-ninnies in making the welkin ring for dear old Santa's festival and each struggles hard for a place in your list of remembrance. It is a bewitching sight, this host of laughing, dancing Xmas elves, each bearing a suggestion of some little gift to friend or dear ones.

FANCY CHINA.

VASES.

The variety is bewildering. Shapes and decorations are fascinating—Royal Worcester, Teplitz, Old Vienna, Cameo, and Carlsbad. Thousands of them starting at the little price of 10c.

THE NEW CAMEO

Resembles in color and effect the famous old Wedgewood, but the figures so exquisitely relieved against the delicate blue and green grounds, have much more of real life and action and are far more attractive.

There are Plaques, Vases, Puff Boxes, Hair Receivers, Trays and Candle-Holders, at one-half the price asked by jewelers and other dealers who handle this fascinating ware.

PLAQUES.

History and romance in bas-relief. To many they are preferable to pictures. Do you know of such a friend that's to be remembered? Not costly if they are high art. From 15c.

GLASS FROM BOHEMIA.

The gold traced ware of Bohemia plays a big part in the color effect of this Xmas picture, a gift couldn't be better selected.

Glass Vases from 10c.
Rose Bowls from 25c.
Loving Cups from $1.50.

BUSTS AND STATUARY.

There's a bunch of Xmas here that little purses seldom have a chance to indulge in. There's many a friend of culture and refinement we'd like to remember with a bit of statuary or a bust of some beloved author or painter! But our pocketbooks appear too small—that is, they always have. How's this? From 65c.

FOR SMOKERS.

Most men smoke, and next in affection to his pipe or favorite brand come the little conveniences which make his habit a luxury. Xmas suggestions:

Tobacco Jars from 15c.
Ash Trays from 10c.
Cigar Jars from 60c.
Smoking Sets from 75c.

LAMPS.

Aristocracy in lampdom is holding high carnival here today. Every name in the blue book is represented, and such an array of court costumes never was seen by mortal before. There are Boudoir Lamps in pink and yellow at 25c.

Tall, stately, urn-shaped lamps with decorated globes, $3.00.

Squat lamps, real old Dutch effects, in exquisite colorings, $3.75.

Great Vase Lamps, whose nobility dates with the "Empire" $5.25.

No other such assembly as here. Let us present you, the court is open.

DRESSING TABLE BELONGINGS.

A feast for gift seekers. Every conceivable toilet article in china, gold and silver plate.

Pin Trays 7c.
Comb and Brush Trays from 25c.
Hair Receivers from 25c.
Puff Boxes from 25c.
Triple Mirrors from $2.25.

Open every evening until Xmas.

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"THE DISCOVERIE OF THE LARGE, RICH, AND BEVVTIFVL EMPYRE OF GVIANA, with a relation of the great and Golden Citie of Manoa (which the Spanyards call El Dorado.) And the Provinces of Emeria, Arromaia, Amapaia, and other Countries, with their rivers, adioyning. Performed in the yeare 1595, by Sir W. Ralegh Knight, Captaine of her Maiesties Guard, Lo. Warden of the Stanneries, and her Highnesse Lieutenant generall of the Countie of Cornewall." "Imprinted at London by Robert Robinson, 1596." The above is the title page of an ancient and well preserved book, which we have before us. It is a rare volume and probably the only one extant. It is bound in red morocco with gilt edges. Any one wishing to purchase this valuable work will please correspond with A. R. C., MERCURY office, stating price.

Jamestown.

Mrs. N. T. Littlefield has as her guest Mrs. Charles Littlefield of Block Island.

Mr. W. P. Champlin, 2d, has returned from a visit to Narragansett Pier.

Mr. John R. Caswell is ill at his home on Columbus avenue.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals

C. H. Wrightington has sold for the estate of Martha E. Brown the two story frame dwelling house No. 8 Broadway to Geo H. Popple. The property is bounded north 85 feet on land of W. T. Libby, east 25 feet on land of W. P. Sheffield, south 85 feet on land of the grantee, west 25 feet on Broadway and comprises about 2100 square feet of land.

Simeon Hazard has sold for F. S. and S. P. Barker their cottage and lot on the southerly side of Channing street, next to the corner of Dartmouth street, to George B. Caswell.

Simeon Hazard has sold for Francis S. and Stephen P. Barker their cottage and lot, 20 Calvert street, to William P. Denman.

Mrs. William C. Rives has rented her brick villa on the easterly side of Red Cross avenue to Thomas Hitchcock, of New York for the season of 1903.

Simeon Hazard has sold for David Braman his two-tenement house at 42 Farewell street to Katherine Buckley. The lot measures: Easterly, 81 feet, on Farewell street and is bounded: Southerly, by R. Wright and Daniel Braman; westerly, by other land of Daniel Braman, and northerly, by the Ellery land at the junction of Thames and Farewell streets.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for Mrs. Edward King a lot of land, containing 8150 square feet on the southerly side of Dresser street, to Joseph Barrett. This lot adjoins Mr. Barrett's present property on the western side.

"The authorities of Alabama seem to maintain a cheerful confidence in the continuance of crime in that state. They have recently contracted to keep one coal-mining company supplied with not less than 400 convicts whose labor it sells to the concern, and with another to furnish to it not less than 200 convicts. There is an undertaking to have at least 600 able-bodied convicts at command all the time for the next three years."

They can do a thing like that all right. It takes a dreadful small crime to induce an Alabama court to make a convict out of a colored person. Nine tenths of all the convicts in that State are colored. The black man in that state perhaps more than in any other southern state has no rights that a white man is obliged to respect.

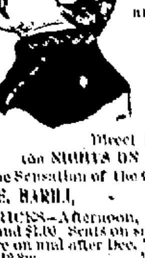
Mr. and Mrs. Ira N. Stanley have returned to Newport to spend the remainder of the winter.

NEWPORT OPERA HOUSE.

TUESDAY Afternoon and Evening, Dec. 30, 1902

J. H. BARNEY, JR., presents

CREATORE



The most marvellous conductor in the world, who set New York music-mad, was the talk of the town and nature all summer

AND HIS

ITALIAN BAND

Direct from 100 NIGHTS ON BROADWAY.
The Sensation of the Century. Assisted by
MME. BARILI, - - Lyric Soprano
PRICES—Afternoon, 50c. Evenings, 50c, 75c and $1.00. Seats on sale at Barney's Music Store on and after Dec. 13.
12-13-3w Jewett Piano used.

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance in amendment of "An Ordinance granting to the Newport and Bristol Ferry Railway Company permission to locate Railway Tracks to be used with cars in certain streets in the City of Newport," passed November 14, 1902.

It is ordained by the City Council of the City of Newport as follows:

Section 1. Section 1 of "An Ordinance granting to the Newport and Bristol Ferry Railway Company permission to locate railway tracks to be used with cars in certain streets in the City of Newport," passed November 14, 1902, is hereby amended so as to read as follows: "An act of the general assembly, entitled "An Act to Incorporate the Newport and Bristol Ferry Railway Company," passed at the January Session, A. D. 1902, is hereby permitted to take effect within the limits of the City of Newport; and permission is hereby granted to said railway company to locate railway tracks, to be used with cars for passengers and express matter only in the following named streets in said city, viz: Commencing at the Mile Corner on Broadway and running Southerly along Broadway to Marlborough Street with a single track, without turnouts, switches or sidings, thence turning and running down Marlborough Street, with a single track with the necessary turnouts, switches, curves and sidings, to the depot of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company; also from Marlborough Street southerly along Broadway to Washington Square, and turning and running westerly down Washington Square across Thames Street and down Long Wharf to the depot of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company and also from Broadway through Farewell Street to Walnut Street and thence turning and running Westerly along Walnut Street to Third Street, thence turning and running Southerly along Third Street to Marsh Street; and also running Northerly from Walnut Street along Third Street to the Naval Training Station, so-called, with an extention from Third Street along a public highway to land of the United States Government; and also commencing at the boundary line between Newport and Middletown on First and Second Beach Avenue, and running thence to some convenient point at or near Easton's Beach in said Newport."

Sec. 2. This Ordinance shall take effect upon its passage.
(Passed November 25, 1902.)
A True Copy. Witness:
DAVID STEVENS
11-29 City Clerk.

Carr's List.

GLENGARRY SCHOOL DAYS, by Ralph Connor.
A DOFFED CORONET, by the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress."
THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, by Sydney George Fisher.
THE KING'S AGENT, by Arthur Paterson.
A LOYAL TRAITOR, by James Barnes.
LIZETTE, by Edward Marshall.
THE GIRL PROPOSITION, by George Ade.
DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

MEDICAL JOURNAL
Desires a Representative in this Locality.
Permanent Employment,
Salary and Commission.
Address E. T. C.,
10-18 [illegible] New York City.

Miss Pauline Astor, daughter of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, returned to England Wednesday, sailing from New York on steamer Teutonic.

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS who have bills or accounts against the City of Newport are notified to present them before TUESDAY, December 23, 1902, to the departments for which they were contracted.
DAVID STEVENS,
12-6 City Clerk.

EXECUTRIX NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that by the will of her late husband, BENJAMIN HOWLAND, late of Middletown, R. I., deceased, she is appointed the sole Executrix thereof; that said will has been proved, approved, allowed and passed for record by the Court of Probate of said Middletown; that she has given bond to said Court and is now duly qualified to act as the Executrix of said will. All persons having claims against the estate of the said Benjamin Howland are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, or file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to said estate will make payment to the undersigned.
JULIA M. HOWLAND,
Executrix.
Middletown, R. I., Dec. 6, 1902—12-6

Now Ready.

The Merry Adventures of

FOXY GRANDPA

Including all the merry pictures contained in the two volumes, entitled "Adventures of Foxy Grandpa" and "Further Adventures of Foxy Grandpa."

Mr. Schultze said to me one day at lunch—"What do you think of a series of comic drawings dealing with a grandfather and his two grandsons?"

"Let the grandfather be the clever one of the trio. In most of the other cases the young folk have been smarter than the old people upon whom they played their jokes. Let's reverse it."

The next morning he came to my office with sketches for half a dozen series, and with the name "Foxy Grandpa" in his head.

The success of the series in the New York Herald was instantaneous, for who has not heard of "Foxy Grandpa" and "Bunny"?

The jolly old gentleman, dear to grown-people as well as children, might almost be called the Mr. Pickwick of comic pictures.
EDWARD MARSHALL.

To Grandfathers Who Are And
To Those Who Are To Be,
I Merrily Dedicate This Book.
"BUNNY."

Sent postage paid on receipt of ONE DOLLAR in currency or postal order; no checks received.

L. R. HAMERSLY CO., 49 Wall St., N. Y.
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